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FROM BEGINNING
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THE AMERICAN SPIRIT.*

It is no trivial, nor even, perhaps, a modest enterprise to undertake a definition of the American spirit:—to imprison, that is to say, within a rigid formula, one of the most complicated and unstable combinations, psychological and sociological, which exists at the present day. What is an American, and what is America? and why is there no question either in the classic work of Alexis de Tocqueville on "Democracy in America" or in Mr. James Bryce's "American Commonwealth" of Peru, or Chili, or Mexico? There is no mention of Canada either; and yet Canada, Mexico and Chili are not in Africa.

Another question:—The United States must now contain some eighty millions of inhabitants. Are those who were not born upon the soil of the Union, and who amount to very nearly forty millions, Americans, or are they not? An Italian or a German settled at Marseilles or Lyons is not a Frenchman. On the other hand, would the ten or twelve millions of negroes who were all born in the States, and who are enough to fill at least four or five out of the whole forty-five, be called Americans? It would certainly not be permitted, either in Georgia

or in Florida. I say nothing about the Indians, who, by recent statistics, do not now number, all told, more than a hundred and fifty thousand. But which is the more American, an Irishman born in Cork or Tipperary, and settled for twenty-five years in Boston, or the "native-born" son, as they say in America, of a German mother and a Polish father established in Chicago?

We know, moreover, that if there is no such thing as an "American race" neither is there an American language, nor American history. There is a history of America, but if there are no traditions, if there is no civilization which can properly be described as distinctly American, then there is no American history. Is there even such a thing as American literature? Some Americans claim that there is; but the English maintain that it is only a continuation of English literature. Under such conditions how is it possible to speak of the American spirit? If a Frenchman finds it hard to define the French spirit, or an Italian the Italian spirit, how can a foreigner expect to distinguish the essential features of what we must take leave to call the great American medley?

These difficulties have not daunted M. Edmond de Nevers, who has recently published a book with the title

* Translated for *The Living Age*.

of "L'Ame Américaine." and let us hasten to say that not only has his audacity done the work no harm, but that it is one of the most interesting concerning America which have appeared for a long time, and that the chief value of it is owing precisely to the boldness of the author's design.

The treatise in question had a political origin. M. Edmond de Nevers is a French-Canadian, very proud of the fact, and resolved so to continue; and it occurred to him one day to inquire what policy the Canadian French, of whom there are two or three millions, rather more than half of whom belong to the province of Quebec, ought to pursue with regard to their powerful neighbor. "Is it for our political interest to further the unification of the North American Continent? And will it be possible for us, under the Stars and Stripes, properly to grow and develop without sacrificing much of what we love best, and while still remaining faithful to our French and our Catholic traditions?"

Such, according to M. de Nevers, is the question destined before long to engage the most serious attention of the French-Canadians. Several of the men now holding high office in the Dominion, for example, M. Tarte, are of the same opinion; and who can fail to see that if the question is one of considerable import for them, it is hardly less so for France herself? Granted, of course—for in times like the present one has to take these little oratorical precautions—that we must no longer flatter ourselves with false hopes; that to call ourselves "Frenchmen of France," a hundred and fifty years after the signing of the Treaty of Paris, would be absurd; and that to endeavor, even if we had the power, to detach Canada from England, would be equally insensate and dishonorable.

¹ "L'Ame Américaine." 2 vols. 18mo. Paris: Jouve & Boyer. 1900.

History cannot be re-made. But if there exists on the North American Continent—which is thirty-five or forty times as large as France—a *nidus* of French and Catholic culture, it is plainly of some importance even to the future of Europe, to foster its development. "Before the children of the present generation are old men," wrote a distinguished English functionary, Sir Lepel Henry Griffin, in 1884, "there will be but three great powers in the civilized world—the British Empire, Russia and the United States." Well, we shall see! But, meanwhile, we are wholly within our rights as Frenchmen, openly, peaceably, but still resolutely, to resist the boundless ambitions of Anglo-Saxon Imperialism; and when we have as simple a means of so doing as to promote, at points where they already exist, the growth of Gallic culture and Gallic faith, it would be a blunder indeed if we should affect not to see, or seeing, should neglect our opportunity. We are under obligations to M. Edmond de Nevers for having been the first, if I mistake not, to state the problem clearly. We have a strong interest, as Frenchmen, in endeavoring to fathom what the "American spirit" involves of promise or menace to our own race and our own religion; but the interest of the French-Canadians is more immediate, and this is why we were attracted by the avowed purpose of M. de Nevers's book.

We often hear it said that a problem well stated is already half solved. Nothing could be farther from the truth. There have been a great many questions admirably put which will never be answered at all. But it is true that to state a question in a new way, is almost necessarily to suggest a new mode of treatment; and this is exactly what M. Edmond de Nevers has done. I could wish that he had—not defined his own view more clearly, but

developed it more fully. The method of his book seems a little trite and the division of his subject somewhat misleading. He discusses first the "Origin" and then the "Historic Formation" of the Union. One can hardly think of anything that would properly come under his third head of "Evolution," which might not just as well have found a place in the Second Part. Part Fourth,—"Life in America"—has little to distinguish it from the record of a good many other foreign observers, while as for Part Fifth, which is entitled "A Look into the Future," I may have read it too rapidly, but I found it decidedly inferior to the four others. The most unfortunate circumstance is that neither from the titles nor from the consecutive arrangement of these five chapters would one derive a true idea of the main purport of the book, of that which constitutes its unity and force—I might almost say its scientific value—by virtue of which it transcends even the broad limits of the American Question itself. Let me explain myself a little more fully.

The American phenomenon—and I use the word here in its highest, that is to say its etymological sense—resolves itself for M. de Nevers into a problem of ethnography and comparative psychology. Granted the existence of the "American spirit," what has been the part played by circumstances in its gradual formation, and above all, what has been the exact contribution to the result, wrought by each one of the ethnic elements that have entered into its composition?

The Americans prefer to consider themselves Anglo-Saxons—and assuredly it is not the English of to-day who would wish to disabuse them of that idea. They are too deeply interested. But may it not be that both English and Americans are mistaken? Estimating the population of the States at seventy-five or eighty millions, the

most trustworthy statistics give the Americans of Irish origin from twenty to twenty-five millions and the Americans of German origin from fifteen to twenty millions. If we add to these figures ten or twelve millions for the negro population, we get a remainder of only some twenty-five or thirty millions of Anglo-Saxons. And even this estimate is too high; for if even in a Northern State like Massachusetts, having Boston for its capital, there are already as many Catholics as Protestants, the fact is due to the strong current of French-Canadian immigration. Rhode Island is a very small state, but it constitutes a part of what is called in America, New England; and M. de Nevers tells us that he resided in that state for three years without having more than five or six opportunities of speaking English. Furthermore, there are a great many French, or if you prefer, Americans of French origin, in Louisiana, and a great many Americans of Spanish origin in Florida and California. To what extent have these admixtures of blood and antagonisms of race modified the Anglo-Saxon fluid? Have they altered its nature—have they impoverished, or perhaps enriched it, by the addition of qualities not its own?

I shall be telling my readers nothing new, if I say that there is no more obscure, and, at the same time, more agitating and burning question rife among men at the present moment than the question of race. What is a people? What is a nation? We already find it hard exactly to say. Formerly one answered promptly with *Taine*: "At every stage of its existence, a people remains one and the same . . . the five or six leading instincts which it obeyed in its native forests go with it into its palaces and administrative bureaus." At present we should call this an extremely doubtful proposition. But even if we were to

go on swearing by Taine, we should still have to inquire where "race" begins and where it ends. Similarly in natural history, the main question is where the species begins and ends. We have never yet succeeded in making a negro white—at all events it is a very long process, requiring seven or eight generations—but there is no impossibility, nor even any great difficulty, about Anglicizing a German, or, if I may venture to say it, Italianizing a Frenchman. The Romans Latinized Gaul to some purpose. Human will is quick to recognize its own limitations, and no very extraordinary pressure is required to make it do so; yet is it absolutely impossible for us, under conditions hereafter to be defined, to appropriate a civilization, or a form of mind, to which we were not born?

Another and no less important aspect of the great question is this—and the light shed by M. de Nevers on the other points I have enumerated leads me to lay special stress upon it—he has clearly perceived and admirably illustrated the fact that the whole of North America is one prodigious laboratory of comparative sociology.

This young America has, perhaps, but one indisputable advantage over aging Europe—the advantage of youth, if advantage indeed it be! It is only so, of a certainty, to poets and lovers; and the Americans have not greatly distinguished themselves in either capacity. They have, at all events, however, this advantage:—that questions, with them, are not surcharged with history, and to those of sociology, in particular, they come quite fresh. It is the same with the question of race. Hopelessly muddled as this question has become in old Europe, if ever any new light is to be shed upon it, that light must come from America. In other words—we can never know with absolute certitude how from the

admixture or the conflict of Celtic, Latin and German aptitudes—to mention only the most important—there was evolved, in days gone by, the "French spirit." But when it comes to the formation of the "American spirit," we know, within a few millions of souls, how many Englishmen England has despatched over seas; how many Celts, Ireland; how many Teutons, Germany. If only a few Americans would lend their aid, we might add to these items of general information a few of a more specific character. A perfectly honest account of the history of a few families would suffice. It was Eugène Sue, I think, who once wrote the history of a French family through several ages. What could be more simple than to trace the history of an American family for, say—two hundred years? It would make a more useful book than the one which Mr. Charles H. Browning brought out, some ten years since, under the title:—"Americans of Royal Descent. Families whose lineage is traced to the legitimate issue of Kings." There were, at that period, thirty-three hundred of these families, giving from ten to twelve thousand Americans "of royal race!" Some of them were doubtless greengrocers.

But whatever conclusions may be drawn from the medley, or the conflict of races in America, they cannot be applied without modification to European history. A German of the Bismarckian era is very unlike a German of the days of Arminius. Still we shall be one step farther forward. Our question can no longer be stated in precisely the same terms, even in Europe. And who knows whether the final result of this American experiment conducted under relatively peaceful conditions—I say "relatively" and so I think they will prove—may not be to eliminate some day from the conflict of races, that which has been in

the past, and still is, among us in Europe, more animal than human; and to render even our animalism a little less sanguinary?

"It is customary to attribute to the passengers by the Mayflower, a greater influence than they actually exercised over the destinies of New England; but the circumstances which accompanied their departure, and their arrival in Plymouth harbor, and the solemn vows by which they bound themselves to God give to the first page of the Colonial history of Eastern America a touch of romance which it would otherwise have lacked." So says M. de Nevers; and later he makes the perfectly just observation that it has long been the prevailing habit of writers on the United States to reduce the history of all the different colonies to that of New England. There are good and sufficient reasons for this, and M. de Nevers by no means fails to recognize the heroic as well as the romantic element in the adventure of the Mayflower pilgrims. Indeed the two things usually go together. The twenty-second of November 1620 is a date forever memorable in the history of humanity. Excited by religious persecution, but invincibly faithful to the memory of the fatherland they had been forced to abandon, and fearing lest their descendants might lose in Holland, where they first took refuge, all attachment to their English language and nationality, a hundred or so of artisans and peasants did on that day, "for the glory of God, the prosperity of the Christian faith and the honor of their king and country," lay the foundations of what was destined to become in two centuries and a half the Republic of the United States. Doubtless, as M. de Nevers opines, the recollection of her origin will become dearer and dearer to America herself as time goes on; but also all humanity will continue to admire, in that epi-

sode, one of the most eloquent illustration ever offered of what faith, patriotism and a lofty purpose can do alone and unaided by any of the advantages usually deemed essential to success. Let us also say with our author, emphatically and frankly—at the risk of provoking the ridicule of *dilettanti* and the wrath of fanatics—that we have in this Mayflower incident a far nobler example of human energy than that which our little—our very little—Machiavels prefer to admire in the person of a Sigismund Malatesta, or a Castruccio Castracani. Still, and for all, the pilgrims of the Mayflower were not the only ones, nor even the first, to plant themselves in America. Their influence was great, but there were counterbalancing influences as well. It is the main object of the author of "The American Spirit" to bring these other influences into greater comparative prominence, and we shall follow his lead in taking for our point of departure the map of the United States at the period of the War of Independence—1776.

At that date, the population of the "English Colonies of North America,"—for such was always the official designation of the thirteen original signatories of the Declaration of Independence—amounted to two millions, exclusive of the negroes, who numbered about five hundred thousand. But these two millions of whites were very far from being all of English race, or even of Anglo-Saxon stock. Even in the New England States, if there were no black slaves, there would appear to have been a number of white ones—I mean genuine slaves—of a different origin from their masters, Irish for instance, and Germans. I do not see what other conclusion can be drawn from certain passages in the Colonial archives quoted by M. de Nevers.

September 6th, 1653. On petition of

David Shellock of Boston, merchant, the State Council authorizes George Dalee and Thomas Swanley to transport to New England and Virginia four hundred Irish children; and furthermore ordains that, on production of suitable guarantees, they be allowed to proceed to Ireland and collect within the space of two months the same number of children for transportation to the colonies.

On September 14, 1653, Captain John Vernon signs, "on behalf of the Irish Commissioners," a contract with Messrs. Leader & Co. of Bristol, whereby he engages to furnish them with "two hundred and fifty women of Irish race between the ages of twelve and forty-five years, and three hundred men between the ages of twelve and fifty, for transportation to New England." Eager for gain, unsparing of themselves, English to the very marrow, and having the deepest respect for pure English blood, profoundly convinced also that they were a "people chosen of God," the Puritans of New England rejoiced, no doubt, on the arrival of this human cargo, in the opportunity afforded of making it "English and Christian." It is an unfailing characteristic. Every good Englishman firmly believes, not only that there can be nothing better than a good Englishman, but that all other nations are inconsolable because they are not English. Have we not the proof before our very eyes at this moment, that the English of 1900 can absolutely not comprehend how thousands of Boers should prefer to be massacred rather than become English? It is plain, at all events—and this is the most important point—that in 1776 neither Massachusetts nor Connecticut was entirely English. The Irish, or the descendants of the Irish, must have been almost as numerous as the English themselves; and if the Anglo-Saxon and the Celtic blood were not closely mingled, the

two streams had been flowing side by side for more than a hundred years.

Let us continue our journey from Connecticut to New York, which is an adjoining State. Here the prevailing strain of blood is quite different. It was not the English who founded the "Empire State,"—as they call it—nor the city of New York, nor that of Albany. From 1620 to 1630 the settlers were Dutch, with an admixture of Walloons; and there were also French Huguenots. Certain parts of the city have kept, up to the present day, their original impress, and I well remember how this fact struck me, on my first arrival. It was about seven or eight o'clock in the morning, and a warm spring sun was beginning to disperse the fog. We stumbled along, somewhat at haphazard, with the roll of the sea yet lingering in our brains, and there was that even in the silence of the barely awakened town which made me think vaguely of Amsterdam or the Hague, far more than of America. Another very clear impression which I retain of New York is that of the gaiety and movement about 154th and 155th Streets on a Sunday. Nothing could be less like an English—even a London—Sunday. I could have fancied myself in Paris, on the Boulevard des Batignolles, or the Avenue Trudaine. Is not this precisely what Sir Charles Dilke meant when he said thirty years ago that he found in New York a "marked Latin stamp?" He also said that he found the democracy of the Empire State far more French in its type than either American or English. M. de Nevers affirms that, just before the outbreak of the War of Independence, the French Huguenots were the wealthiest class in New York City; and even the historian Bancroft admits that they were so numerous that public documents were almost as often drawn up

in French, as in English or Dutch. It is estimated that, at that date—that is, about 1776—the number of Dutch inhabitants in the three states of New York, New Jersey and Delaware amounted to one hundred thousand. A few years earlier—in 1750—I am assured by a trustworthy witness that Albany, the capital of the State of New York, was, to all intents and purposes, a Dutch town. "The costume of the people was English, but their language and manners remained Dutch."

We will now cross the boundary into Pennsylvania. *Quis primus?* Who colonized Pennsylvania? "William Penn," replies History promptly, and from the summit of the Philadelphia City Hall the colossal statue of the Quaker overlooks and protects his work. But stay a moment! A considerable portion of Philadelphia—amounting in 1776 to a full half—has always been called Germantown, and we know, from other sources, that when William Penn crossed the Rhine in 1678-9, he went to recruit colonists for his Pennsylvanian possessions. He was very successful. Thousands of Germans responded to his call. In 1742 their number had risen to some hundred thousand; and a few years later—if we may trust a writer whose works appeared in 1786, and who was as innocent as it is possible to be of our own ethnographic or "nationalist" prejudices—there landed in Philadelphia in one year, from the Palatinate and the Grand Duchies of Baden and Wurtemberg alone, twenty-two hundred emigrants. This number was probably exceeded in the years 1770 and 1771; and between the years 1772 and 1776 twenty-four ship-loads of German passengers arrived annually at the port of Philadelphia. What do these facts signify, if not that on the eve of the War of Independence Pennsylvania was more than half German? Thus,

in the two States which at that time constituted the geographical centre of the future Union—which are still the most populous, industrious and wealthy, which neither Ohio, nor Illinois, including Chicago, have deposed from their supremacy—the Anglo-Saxon element was already counterbalanced by various foreign elements, of which certain ones—the Latin and the Celtic for instance—were not destined to be assimilated at once, and perhaps never will be.

The Anglo-Saxon element regains its ascendancy, along with a numerical preponderance, in Maryland and Virginia; and, upon the whole, in the three states of North and South Carolina and Georgia, thus carrying the English dominion as far as the boundaries of Louisiana, which was, at that time, wholly French; and it is impossible at this point to refrain from observing that if Louisiana was still French, not more than twelve years had passed since Canada ceased to be so (in 1763), and that French settlements were scattered all along the enormous Mississippi, from Lake Superior to where the river empties into the Gulf of Mexico. Anglo-Saxon colonization was therefore enveloped, so to speak, and bounded upon all sides by French influences; it had full scope along the sea-board only. And if the historian of literature is not likely to forget it—since it was in those realms that the Chevalier des Grieux buried Manon Lescaut, and René heard the tale of the loves of Chactas and Atala—it can hardly be supposed that there are no other traces to be detected of the French occupation—traces less poetic it may be, but more profound, more or less easy to disentangle and define, but indisputable. Saint Paul in Minnesota, Saint Croix, Dubuque, Saint Louis, Baton Rouge, etc., are all French names. New Orleans is quite half a French city; and it is not yet

three years since the legislature of Louisiana decided that the reports of public procedure should henceforth be published in English only. Up to 1898 they had been published both in English and French; but I am bound to admit that this enactment passed almost unnoticed, being of those which merely recognize an established fact, and authenticate it officially.

If now we proceed to consider the population of the five Southern States on the outbreak of the Revolutionary War, we shall find it still very miscellaneous. Irish Catholics, descended from the first colonists brought over by Lord Baltimore in 1633, formed in 1876 one half the population of that State. Georgia, founded a hundred years later, or in 1733, contained hardly more than fifty thousand souls "among whom were many Irish, Moravian Brethren, Catholics from Salzburg, Quakers and Jews." In those five States was then collected almost the entire negro population, four hundred and eighty thousand out of one million, three hundred thousand inhabitants. But it is important to note that if the planters of Virginia and the two Carolinas were mainly English, they were so after quite another fashion than that of the Puritans of New England. Their social origin was very different and so were their manners. Undoubtedly they had brought over from England some of the vices which belong to all old aristocracies, but they had also brought some of the virtues which go far to atone for them. Born to govern and invited to do so by the New England Puritans themselves, it was they who were to lay the foundations of the new constitution, and who were to remain, up to 1860, charged by the common consent of the people with the duty of seeing that it worked properly. I know nothing more English or more admirable, than the sort of political self-abnegation,

whereby the democracy of America went on for a hundred years delegating the government of the country to the men who were supposed to have hereditary experience; unless it be the magnanimity with which the aristocracy of planters—excepting always in the matter of slavery—went on ruling against itself and in favor of the people's aspirations.

The years immediately following the War of Independence may be passed over rapidly. They witnessed a great increase in the negro population, from five hundred thousand to three or four million souls; but there was no miscegenation—the State laws took care of that. Neither was there any competition or rivalry of color, and the respective proportions of the various ethnic elements in the Union remained unaltered, save as they were indirectly affected by the Napoleonic wars. The fortunes of the Old and New World began in this way to be intimately connected. France, absorbed in other cares, did not obtain in America the kind of influence which the memory of her intervention in the Revolutionary War would otherwise most certainly have procured for her; the stress of European war checked the flow of German emigration; and it looked as though the "American spirit" would be completely incarnated in the "Yankee." There were many reasons for this, the chief of which was that he alone, in the Republic as thenceforth constituted, was sufficiently sensible of the pride of race to preserve his blood from admixture, as from a contamination. He alone retained, at the bottom of his heart, more of complacency in the thought that he sprang from "the old country" than of resentment and bitterness at having been driven from it by persecution. M. de Nevers asserts that the colonists of English origin had "the most absolute faith in themselves and

their mission;" while the others, "cut off from all intercourse with their fatherland, remained isolated, with no union among themselves, devoid of the hope, and even the wish, to preserve their identity." I take leave also to add the remark that in a society where money was so soon to become the sole mark of distinction, the English colonists possessed one great advantage in the fact that the severity of their moral code, which was really, in other respects, so pure and stringent a one, did not extend to the realm of trade and commerce. Calvinism and banking have always lived happily together. There is therefore good reason to believe that the "American spirit" might still have borne the exclusive imprint of Yankee thought and civilization, had not the War of Secession come in 1861, to divide the Anglo-Saxon element against itself; had not the rapid colonization of the West, by displacing, along with the centre of population, that of political influence also, quite destroyed the old Federal equilibrium; and, finally, had not the Anglo-Saxon element been, in the years immediately following 1865, submerged and virtually drowned out by a perfect deluge of immigration. The connection, or rather the solidarity of these three causes is so clear that it need not be insisted on; and we will confine our observations chiefly to the last named.

The first thing to be noted is, that from 1865 on, wholly new currents of emigration were set up; and the future Americans who landed by the thousand at the ports of New York and Philadelphia belonged to nationalities whom the Yankees of that day had never encountered save in books—if books they had chanced to read. In 1860, there were in the United States only about two hundred thousand Swedes and Norwegians, distributed throughout the States of Wisconsin,

Missouri, Iowa and Minnesota. There are now two million five hundred thousand. A decade or so later, in 1871, there were but seventy thousand Italians in the Union; there are now one million six hundred thousand. At that period, barely a Pole had ever crossed the Atlantic. Now there are some two millions of them settled in America, and I will take occasion to repeat the curious statement already made in another place that the richest as well as the most numerous Catholic parish in the entire Union is a Polish parish in Chicago. We may add to these figures one million three hundred thousand French-Canadians and a million more of French, Belgians and Swiss, of whom many occupy positions of importance. When I was at Yale three years ago, I found a Swiss directing what is called in American universities, the "Department of the Romance Languages;" a Frenchman, M. Adolphe Cohn, directing it at Columbia College and another Frenchman, M. Ferdinand Bôcher, at Harvard. And while the latter institution boasts, with reason, of the great name of Agassiz, it is impossible not to remember that the illustrious naturalist was of Swiss origin. There can be no mystery, I fancy, about the descent of the most illustrious of contemporary American painters, Mr. John Lefarge, or the most famous of American sculptors, Mr. Saint Gaudens. Their names are enough. Add six hundred thousand Hungarians, as many Czechs, one hundred and twenty-five thousand Danes and from two hundred and fifty to three hundred thousand Chinamen, and you have a total amounting to seven or eight millions; or not much less than a tenth of the entire population of the Union. It is a number decidedly in excess of all the existing descendants of Puritans, Virginians and other Anglo-Saxons of old American race, of whom, if M. de Nevers's figures are

correct, there are only some six or seven millions.

The Germans and their descendants alone are thrice this number—that is, they are about twenty millions; nor is this figure surprising, when we consider that in New York City alone they amount to eight hundred thousand, or about a quarter of the whole population. In Chicago there are almost as many; and fancy what that Governor of Pennsylvania would say, who wrote in 1729: "So many German emigrants are arriving that we shall soon have a German state within our boundaries. It is time for Parliament to interfere." The Parliament (of England) did not interfere, but the Germans were made to feel keenly the advantages claimed by the Anglo-Saxon as his "birth-right," and their general condition, at that period, seems to have been but little better than that of the Irish at the present day. The Germans of to-day are of quite another sort. The victories of 1870-71 have transformed them into the representatives, in America, of a great people. The folk of New York and Chicago by no means share the opinion concerning them of that English functionary who, in his dream of British expansion, saw Germany reduced to a negligible quantity. The Americans have good reason for knowing that there is no city, even in their own West, which has developed with more astonishing rapidity than Hamburg; and yet more swift has been the change in the aspect of some of their own great towns under German influence. Finally, it is well known that the German Emperor, so far from being indifferent to these facts, is watching with keen satisfaction the formation of a centre of German culture in Western America, and the circumstances enumerated constitute a co-efficient, which gives to the bald figures of the German immigration a greatly enhanced political value.

It would not be surprising if the "American spirit" were, in the end, profoundly modified by these things.

It will be no less so, apparently, by the effect of the Irish immigration. Tyranny and injustice have peopled the homes of America with men brought up in sorrow and adversity. "The history of our colonization is the history of the crimes of Europe." These words of the historian Bancroft are truer of England than of any other European power; and when we hear the English of to-day boasting of the progress of American civilization, as of the continuation and full blossoming of their own, we find ourselves compelled to wonder what manner of men they may be. For, strange as it may seem, they are quite sincere! They have absolutely forgotten that there is nothing in the history of modern Europe exactly comparable to that persecution of the Irish which they have kept up for the last two hundred and fifty years. Spain never treated its Mussulmans more cruelly, nor France its Protestants, nor Russia its Poles. However, neither Poland, France, Grenada or Cordova, is, like Ireland, at the end of the world—*Ultima Thule*. Neither Spain, France nor even Russia is cut off from the rest of mankind, as England is by the Channel fleet and Ireland by six hours of the toughest kind of sea-passage. Great Britain towers on the west of Europe like a wall, which obstructs all view of what goes on in Ireland. But to pique themselves on having driven the Irish by hundreds of thousands, out of their native isle; to seize the advantage of the fact that they speak English, or to abuse it, by claiming for themselves all that the Irish have done during the last century in America; to speak of twenty-six millions of Celts as though it were the purest of Anglo-Saxon blood that circulates in their veins—this is really,

almost beyond belief. Yet this is what the English do. And why should they not do it, if the Irish do not object? Unless indeed—and this is what we ourselves incline to think—these amazing pretensions are but a way they take to deceive themselves. In view of the fact that the Irish in America are increasing some three or four times as fast as the Anglo-Saxons proper, they endeavor to persuade themselves, the Irish and the world, that what England is supposed to have lost she has really gained. Formerly the English affected a sort of aristocratic disdain of the Americans; the American manner of pronouncing English, to speak of nothing else, afforded them a subject for inexhaustible raillery. The American was the poor relation who was repaid, in taunts, for his privilege of sitting at the rich man's table. But if, during the last few years, there

has been no species of flattery which the English have not lavished on "Brother Jonathan," it is because they have felt that Brother Jonathan was emancipating himself more and more every day from their moral and intellectual tutelage, because they have perceived the danger to their Pan-Britannic aspirations of a deeper division than that which first sundered from them their American colonies; because, in fine, they know that of all the modifications which the "American spirit" might undergo the most radical would be that which should transform the American from an Anglo-Saxon into a Celt. But if we are to believe M. de Nevers, this is precisely the transformation which is now going on; and the reasons which he gives for his belief, however paradoxical they may appear, are interesting and worthy of serious attention.

Revue des Deux Mondes.

F. Brunetière.

(To be concluded.)

SONNET.

Written in Mr. Sidney Lee's "Life of Shakespeare."

Lee, who in niggard soil hast delved, to find
What things soever may be known or guessed
Of him that to the ages gives no rest,
The world-watched secret peak of human mind;
Thy choice was well, who leav'st to fools and blind
All visionary, vague, fantastic quest.
None to the Presence hath more nearly pressed,
Nor hast thou him dis-served to serve mankind.

'Tis said of certain poets, that writ large
Their sombre names on tragic stage and tome,
They are gulfs or estuaries of Shakespeare's sea.
Lofty the praise; and honor enough, to be
As children playing by his mighty marge,
Glorious with casual sprinklings of the foam.

The Fortnightly Review.

William Watson.

THE SHADOW ON THE STAGE.

A dark shadow has fallen across the British Stage, a shadow which even the sunny optimism of actors and managers will find it difficult to dispel. It is cast neither by the ignorance of critics nor by the discontent of playgoers. They are the theatre's own friends who have at last dared to interrupt its effulgence, and ere long the darkness of night may envelop that which, with the aid of advertisement, has appeared the most brilliant of our institutions. In other words, a well-known dramatist and a distinguished actor have proclaimed in the shameful openness of print that our stage is not always the happy haunt of genius, that our plays are sometimes hotch-potches of vulgarity, and (worse still) that many of our gifted mummies do not know the rudiments of their trade. These charges are neither new nor surprising. They have been brought a hundred times by disinterested persons, and have been cheerfully ascribed to malice or ignorance by the pontiffs of the green-room. He who withholds his admiration from an actor, we have been told, is plainly an enemy of the drama, when indeed he is not a blackmailer. Wherefore our great managers have shrugged their shoulders and borne the obloquy (unmerited of course) in a spirit of arrogant martyrdom. But the most recent attacks cannot be so lightly passed over, since they are directed from within the fold by interested colleagues.

Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, in fact, and Mr. F. R. Benson have confided to the world their ominous discontent. They have boldly explained the shortcomings of the theatre, and the single word "envy" is not a sufficient answer to their candid indictment. For Mr. H.

A. Jones is almost our only playwright. He it was who some years since discovered that literature and the drama were not necessarily opposed, and if his own practice has not justified his theory, that is not his fault. The "literary drama" may be a vile, as it should be a redundant, phrase, but despite this vain eccentricity Mr. H. A. Jones is popular, and to be popular is, we are informed, the one and only object of the theatre. Mr. F. R. Benson, on the other hand, is a manager to whom the British drama is profoundly indebted. He, alone of his generation, has provided a practical school of acting; he has neither relied upon long runs nor eclipsed his company by the scintillation of a single star. That which was achieved by the old stock companies has been achieved in a lesser degree by his management, and a young player who has mastered his parts in Mr. Benson's repertory need not complain of enforced idleness. Now, Messrs. Jones and Benson, different though their ambitions may be, agree in condemning our modern stage. While trivial plays are rapturously applauded, the art of acting, we are told, dies of disuse, and the single measure of success is the unworthy accumulation of vast fortunes. Remedies are proposed on this side and that: we must have a National Theatre, says one; salvation lies in a Government subsidy, cries another; and all the while musical comedies, imported from New York, clamor for serious recognition, or melodrama wags its hoary head in the sacred name of Art.

Before we discuss the remedy, let us consider the disease. If the theatre is ailing, whence comes the malady? The diagnosis is not difficult, since the

symptoms are obvious and universal; the drama dies because it has confused its functions; it has wasted its true strength to enhance a spurious beauty, and it resembles a man who should sacrifice both brain and muscle to increase by an inch or two the growth of his beard. As we have before pointed out in these pages, the drama is made up of three elements—the play, the actors, the scenic ornament; and the presentation is only perfect when the three elements are harmoniously composed. The play, of course, comes first, being the one and only excuse for the theatre. Actors and the scene are but a means—the best available—of expressing a writer's meaning. If only we could perfect the mechanism of marionettes, the theatre were easily reformed, but the awkwardness of puppets compels us to accept the existing materials. A brief retrospect will show that when the theatre commanded an intelligent admiration, the poet was an omnipotent and unquestioned master. The simple decoration of the Greek stage was ordained by a holy tradition. The actors, whose heads were hidden in conventional masks, and whose feet were propped on clumsy pattens, could neither ogle nor strut. They were neither discussed nor advertised. Nobody knew their names nor cared about their visages. Their business was to speak clearly and simply the lines intrusted to them by the author, whose supremacy was undisputed. So, too, the actors who entertained the Romans, when leisure came to that arduous people, were commonly slaves or persons of no account, nor did the works of Plautus and Terence need any other embellishment than a rigidly prescribed back-scene. And when the drama was revived after centuries of oblivion, the simple fashion still prevailed. The splendor of Shakespeare depended no more upon the mouthing of an actor

than upon the ingenuity of a stage-carpenter. The round O was sufficient for his most splendid effects, and the highest attribute of an actor was "harmonious elocution." No foolish attempt was made to "act" the poet's masterpieces. Even in Cibber's time it was enough to say that Betterton "spoke" Shakespeare with a finer distinction than any of his contemporaries, while the absence of women from the stage suggests that the vanity of realism was not yet invented. Yet soon after Shakespeare's day the actor and scene-shifter begun to raise their heads. Inigo Jones adorned the masques of Ben Jonson with cumbrous machines, and the Restoration ensured the ultimate ruin of the stage. The King's Players moved to a house in Vere Street, by Claremarket.

"There they continued for a year or two," says the author of the "*Historia Histrionica*," "and then removed to the Theatre Royal in Drury Lane, where they first made use of scenes, which had a little before been introduced upon the public stage by Sir William Davenant at the Duke's Old Theatre in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, but afterwards very much improved with the addition of curious machines, by Mr. Betterton, at the new theatre in Dorset Garden, to the great expense and continual charge of the players. . . . About the same time that scenes first entered upon the stage at London, women were taught to act their own parts; since when we have seen at both houses several excellent actresses, justly praised as well for beauty as for perfect good action. . . . All this while the play-house improved yearly, and is now arrived to greater perfection than ever I knew it."

Thus the servant already encroached upon the master's province. The poet, eclipsed by the actor, the carpenter and the musician, saw his supremacy threatened. The less a limb is used, the weaker it becomes; and when once it was discovered that the actor might

be a match for the arrogant poet, the poet began to understand that the stage was not for him. He declined the unequal combat, and appealed not to the theatre but to the study.

Now, Mr. James Wright, the honest barrister-at-law, to whom we owe the "*Historia Histrionica*," himself recognized the consequences of innovation. "For all these advantages," says he, "the reputation of the stage, and people's affection to it, are much decay'd." The actor had come into his own, and meant to keep it. Colley Cibber, for instance, fought for profit and admiration like a bravo. He cared not a jot for authors or colleagues. He tinkered Shakespeare, he "choked the singing birds," and when he played Congreve or Vanbrugh he was convinced that Colley—and not the wit of the playwright—took the town. He saw the salaries increase and was content. So the general excellence of a performance presently surrendered to the advancement of the popular actor; in brief, the follies which have ruined the theatre of to-day were already triumphant. Henceforth the story of the stage is a story of vanity. The theatrical memoirs are packed with the details of childish squabbles and waspish depreciation. No sooner did the actors claim a share in management than intrigue usurped the throne of justice, and art was cheerfully subordinated to interest. Garrick, Quin, Macklin, Foote carried on the tradition of Colley Cibber. They were witty, ingenious and always selfish. They prospered exceedingly, and thought so little of their trade that they cared not what became of it when they were gone. "Managing actors," says Garrick's biographer, "have often been upbraided with the neglect of encouraging young theatrical merit, and for not raising up geniuses for the stage." Nor have they ever troubled to answer the upbraiding voice. Why should

they help others up the narrow path of eminence, where there is never room for two to walk abreast? In their wisdom they preferred to stand alone upon as dizzy height as they could reach, and to leave to the future its own hazard.

And though the history of the stage thus early became the history of the player, the author of the eighteenth century had not wholly lost his influence. Now and again he was permitted to enjoy a furtive success, when his master the player saw that the popular breeze was set towards him. Moreover, the player could still permit himself a trifling generosity, as he had not yet to face the fierce rivalry of the stage-carpenter. The master, indeed, had bowed the knee to his servant, but the third party in the alliance remained subordinate. Nor did the actor yet aspire to rule the world. He was content with his limited conquest of the playhouse, where he lived among his kind with whatever amity was suitable to his temperament. So the theatre flourished and declined by turns. Now it shone, illuminated by the genius of Siddons or of Kean; now it fell into the shadow of dulness. And then a second disaster fell upon it. Charles Kean "hung it on a clothes' peg," and the property man fought for victory with the carpenter. In the struggle, the real purpose of the stage was forgotten a second time. Thus Shakespeare became a mere excuse for parade, and no new author had a chance of success who did not accommodate his talent to the "genius" of the latest sovereign.

At the outset, then, the actor was paid by the theatre to perform a certain task; now he hires the author to fit him with a part. It is a strange reversal of the rôles, and it explains the dire malady which has long beset our playhouses. What man of letters would accept the new conditions and

see his work cut and slashed to suit the interpreter? What would the painter say if his frame-maker and colorman signed his canvas and assumed the glory of his work? Would the very *minimus* among the poets permit the printer and paper-maker to "create" his poems, and set their names upon his title-page? Of course neither the painter nor the poet would submit to so monstrous an outrage, and as no playwright can hope for success who does not obey the actor, so the making of plays has fallen out of distinguished hands and is picked up by the odd cobblers and patchers, who are supposed to entertain us.

And what is the modern actor, whom we have won in exchange for the vanished poet? He is distinguished from the ancient by a gentlemanly incompetence. He has had little chance of learning his profession, for if he has been fortunate he has played but a dozen parts in a dozen years. He is educated as often as not, and his manners off the stage are said to be irreproachable. In fact, he has been told by the tongue of flattery that he has but to stride the stage as a drawing-room and his elegance will be patent to all. He has never worked, and it is not altogether his fault. Long runs and railway-trains have extinguished the old stock companies. The provincial towns wonder at the same cultured mummery who bore the audiences of London, and the aspirant can no longer hope to gain experience in the country. Hart and Mohun, says Colley Cibber, grew up into fine actors because they were apprenticed early, the one to the Blackfriars, the other to the Cockpit. Cibber himself played whatever he was bid for no salary, until Betterton gave him ten shillings a week that he might fine him a crown. But these apprentices learned their trade; they studied a part in twenty-four hours,

and did not kill it by rehearsal. The stock companies still gave the old training in the old fashion, as half-a-dozen living actors who have not usurped the realm of management remain to prove. Mr. Benson has admirably contrasted the two schools in his article on a "National Theatre." On the one hand is Mr. Vezin's aspirant, who spent one half of his time proclaiming his talents and the other half in thanking God that he did not need them. On the other hand you find an "old blue-chin," who says of this same aspirant, "Too good to be an actor! Let him study hard for seven years and then pray hard for another seven that the Lord will make him good enough to be an actor!"

So it was that, until the rough old companies were dissolved, there remained actors and actresses who knew their business despite the vanity of actor-managers. In Mr. Benson's phrase, "They resented being called artists; it savored to them of cant. They were bread-and-butter actors, not crutch-and-toothpick toffs;" and however much their masters might intrigue and prosper, they learned their trade in hard simplicity. And they are gone into the night, leaving behind them nothing but the gentry, who have been mayhap to a university, or cultivated a specious accent in the drawing-rooms of "society." Yet their incompetence only increases their pride. Said one the other day: "You must not blame us for advertising ourselves and our private affairs. The only fame we enjoy comes to us in our lifetime." Was ever such an excuse contrived? Does the actor really confuse fame with notoriety? Indeed we would shield even the actor from the prying eye of the journalist; and he turns upon his friends, and implores that this last indiscretion be permitted him. It is an amusing commentary upon the stage, and well may we ask if we got

the best of the bargain when we exchanged the dramatist for the *cabotin*.

But the pompous actor, who, with his vain desire to be pointed at with the finger, strides the Strand like a conqueror, is not the sole ruin of the stage. When, the author having fallen into disrepute, the actor also begins to pall upon the people's palate, he encouraged, in defence of his own enterprise, the scenic artist. Sir William Davenant, in the moment of his extremest fantasy, never dreamed what the stage-carpenter might one day achieve. For the stage-carpenter has proved a worse enemy of the theatre, if it be possible, than the actor. The actor may mouth and strut under the limelight, he may cut down all the other parts until they are inarticulate, he may so bluntly insult the general effect as to surround himself with incompetent supporters; but not even he, with all his whimsical extravagance and superfluous egoism, can smother the stage as woefully as the carpenter and upholsterer. For the carpenter and upholsterer destroy the very essence of the theatre, which is illusion. The city of make-believe should not be built of brick and stone. A world that knows no sky, and is bounded abruptly by a backcloth on one side and by the footlights on another, tumbles to pieces at the mere touch of realism. There is but one possibility of dramatic illusion—the consistent and harmonious suppression of reality. The actor upon the stage is not a real king; he can do no more than suggest some monarch of the past. Why, then, should he sit upon a real throne, or wear upon his head a veritable crown? Canvas should be his only background; the chairs and tables necessary for the performance should be of the simplest; and where they are merely displayed they should be painted on the scene. For if solidity invade the stage, if heavily built sets rumble between the

acts, if costumes and upholstery are genuine and of the period, then reality must be carried a step further. Ophelia must be actually drowned, the cup must contain real poison and Hamlet's blood must flow hot from the actor's veins. But logic is not studied in the theatre, and true realism would bring its professors within the eye of the law.

Yet how many absurdities has the stage revealed during the last decade! We have heard real horses clattering over boards with their real hoofs. We have seen a sham jockey chucked into a sham water-jump from the back of a real winner of the Grand National. We have heard the ripple of a rivulet flowing through the forest of Arden—a rivulet of the Company's water, which traced its source to the nearest tap. We have seen primroses and violets, fresh from Covent Garden, pretending that they had struck their roots into the hard floor of the stage. And the actors never see the incongruity. They believe they are intensifying the illusion, and all the while they are but exposing the hollowness of their art. It is the business of the theatre to represent, not to present; and the stage-manager who thinks that "a real donkey means real dramatic art" is as foolish as a painter would be who, having painted a portrait, pasted a real silk hat upon the canvas. But realism is not the only sin committed in the name of that absurd business called *misc-enscène*. Archæology, invented by Charles Kean, is nowadays more pompously extolled than any other artifice. So Shakespeare is tricked out with a pedantry alien to his genius; and the pit, which knows nothing of history or of costume, exclaims upon the accuracy of the trappings. Hamlet, a man of Shakespeare's age is bidden to masquerade as a Dane. The fauna and flora (so to speak) of Elsinore are

thrust upon the English stage; actors wander into the land of the Vikings, and Hamlet, who from his surroundings should wield a battle-axe, cuts the air with a rapier. And then, that Shakespeare may appear more natural, crowds are drilled. Two boys, with their legs painted brown, wrestle on the stage; or lovers interrupt the action with their silent blandishments. Then a pause: the great man enters, the crowd is frozen to immobility, and the text of Shakespeare is not spoken, but interpreted (or created) with nods, winks and jerks of the elbow. Nothing is achieved simply. A perpetual commentary of crowd, speech or gesture converts the best play into a sort of pantomime. And the actor is no longer all-sufficient; as we have seen, he killed the dramatist long since, and it is only because he is his own manager that he has not already surrendered to the stage-carpenter. But when once he lets go his supremacy he will have a short shrift. For the upholsterer is to-day the essential artist of the stage, and he will esteem the actor no more highly than the actor esteemed the dramatist. Thus the balance is overturned, and the three elements which we have named pitifully confused. No longer are action and ornament the hand-maidens of poetry. Poetry is a poor excuse for false splendor, and action—in its own belief the foremost of the arts—is made ridiculous by vanity.

That the stage needs reform, then, is obvious. Can the stage be reformed? Perhaps, by the establishment of a National Theatre, and a National Theatre can be established only by one method—the suppression of the actor and the upholsterer. If our theatre is to survive as an intelligent resort, the modern fashions of acting, managing and decorating must be swept away. So long as art is sacrificed to vulgar display, the quality of

the drama is immaterial. But even from an economic point of view, a complete change must precede the establishment of a National Theatre. The enormous salaries paid to the great actors and actresses, who permit no rival star in their firmament, have made it wellnigh impossible to collect an efficient company, and an efficient company would be a necessity of a National Theatre. Again, the extravagance of the upholsterer has made long runs inevitable. When it costs many thousands of pounds to decorate a play, no manager will withdraw that play until he is compelled by the public taste. Therefore, from a National Theatre, if such an institution be possible, costly decoration must be banished, that the program may be constantly changed and the actors perfect their talent by a quick succession of rôles.

For many centuries Europe has had before its eyes the perfect type of the subventioned theatre. The *Théâtre Français* is, in constitution and achievement alike, a veritable palace of its art. It is a school at once of acting and of the drama; its repertory includes the masterpieces of dramatic literature, and a daily change of cast and play preserve both actors and public from weariness. Above all, it holds in trust a sacred tradition. The method of Molière is still revered, and no actor may pass the stately portals unless he has conquered his craft, can speak and walk, and is willing to subordinate his vanity to the common good. Thus the torch is handed down continuously through the ages; the veteran imparts his knowledge to the student at the *Conservatoire*; and the boards of the *Théâtre Français* are never trodden by the gentlemanly amateur. But at the *Français* two qualities are imposed upon the actor—discipline and contentment. A *sociétaire* of the House of Molière must

be content with a salary at which an English actor would look with disdain, and he must obey with a cheerful mind the voice of discipline. He must not think, even when he has reached the top of his profession, that the whole stage is his pitch, where presently, with limelight on his brow, he will execute his own little song and dance. He must bow to the voice of his director; he must esteem the opinion of his *confrères*; above all, he must act within the picture, and speak the same language as those around him. Now, if private munificence established a theatre, composed and managed like the Théâtre Français, what would be the result? Actors would disdain it. So long have they been pampered with wealth and flattery that they have quite forgotten the exigence of their art. Would they be content to play many parts for a salary, say, of £800 a year? Of course they would not, and we do not see precisely why they should. And would they, who had long been accustomed to rule, listen to the commands of an autocratic manager? No, the British actor forgot discipline two centuries ago, and he would think his profession of no account if he might not order the limelight for himself. Moreover, the British actor would not have the same inducement to join a National Theatre as impels the French actor to enter the Théâtre Français. A newly subventioned theatre could not have the prestige which sets the House of Molière high above all competitors. To belong to an august foundation may compensate even for poverty; and though a National Theatre, established in London, might in years to come attract the finest talent, it would be forced to depend at the outset on the energies of the young, to encourage the aspirations of the inexperienced.

Yet this compulsion would not be deplorable. The older actors might be

left to their cumbrous furniture and their vainglorious advertisement. The National Theatre should be an autocracy, which brooked no interference. The staff of actors and actresses should be the servants of the management, though they might, as in Paris, have a vote in the choice of plays. The theatre should be governed by a man of letters, who had no plays of his own to push. He should enrol an ample company, and compose the best repertory that could be found. The theatre should be a school as well as a stage, and there the young actors, upon whom the manager relied, should be trained and instructed. They should be adequately, though not extravagantly, paid, and the abolition of stars, with the suppression of archaeological scenery, would make a large and varied company possible. The repertory might be easily composed. Shakespeare and Ben Jonson, Congreve and Vanbrugh, Sheridan and Goldsmith, would make the nucleus. Racine and Molière might be translated. All modern plays, whether English or French, might be loyally considered, and all playwrights whose eye looked higher than a long run would have their chance of distinction. The scenery, simple, elegant and conventional, would cost little, and yet be perfectly appropriate. Thus in years to come a standard of acting might be established. No longer would a popular critic be able to declare that great actors in England "were never remarkable for elocutionary eloquence." The men and women who took service in our National Theatre would learn the necessary rudiments; they would speak with precision, and they would walk with grace. But they would recite the lines of Shakespeare, for instance, with a quiet simplicity. They would not be allowed to twist meanings of their own into the masterpieces of the past. And thus England might at last

achieve a playhouse that was neither farcical nor fantastic, in which the actor was the servant, not the master, and in which intelligent men and women might sit without disgust.

Will England ever achieve this theatre? We are not optimistic. Destiny and experience are against us, and the people long ago ceased to chafe at the domination of the actor. Doubtless much will be said of a National Theatre, and nothing will be done. But in the meantime an American trust may purchase all our play-

houses, and fill them with the particular brand of musical comedy popular in New York. And, after all, it does not matter very much, since the theatre, which might be the home of a beautiful and delicate art, is generally nothing more than the scene of vulgar "pleasures taken in common." England has had her chance and sacrificed it, and the most interesting problem still unsolved is how long the actor will hold out victorious against the spirited attack of the stage-carpenter.

Blackwood's Magazine.

THE BURDEN OF THE SEA.

I.

Death and Sorrow and Sleep—
Here, where the slow waves creep,
This is the burden of years,
The chant of the measureless deep.

II.

What was Sorrow to me
Then, while the young life free
Thirsted for joys of earth
Far from the desolate sea?

What was Sleep but a rest,
Giving to youth the best
Dreams from the ivory gate—
Visions of God manifest?

What was Death but a tale
Whispered to faces grown pale,
Worn and weary with years—
A meaningless thing to the hale?

III.

Death and Sorrow and Sleep—
Now their sad message I keep,
Tossed on the wet winds' breath,
The chant of the measureless deep.

Pall Mall Magazine.

W. L. Courtney.

SISTER GIOVANNA OF THE CROSS.*

BY MATILDE SERAO.

V.

Seated opposite each other, their feet on the chilly tiling, their hands hidden in the ample sleeves of their conventual garb, two old women looked tenderly and sadly at each other, speaking in slow, gentle tones. They had placed their chairs in the embrasure of the window fronting the Vico Primo Consiglio. It was early afternoon, scarcely four o'clock, but the day was gray and sombre, and the clouds hung low; and although it was not cold, a shiver passed over their withered old faces. Sister Francesca of the Seven Words, who in the world was called Marianna Caruso, was paying Sister Giovanna of the Cross, now known as Louisa Bevilacqua, a visit. In spite of her seventy years and her rheumatism, she had walked the long distance which separates San Giovanni a'Cartonara from the Via Magnocavallo to see her old companion.

When these two friends met, they neither embraced nor even shook hands; for "the rule" forbade marks of earthly affection among the nuns. They retired to Sister Giovanna's room so they might be alone. At first they were silent and a little embarrassed; each looked eagerly into the other's face, but sighed as if she had discovered what filled her with sorrow. Sister Giovanna noted the deep wrinkles that furrowed the white and flabby face of Sister Francesca, once so pink and fair; and Sister Francesca observed the fine network of lines

around the eyes and mouth of Giovanna, who always was thin and dark. What were they silently thinking? What melancholy took possession of their souls! What longings for the old-time peace, the spiritual blessings and physical well-being of which they had been robbed! But gradually the shadow fled from those faces, framed in white linen, and they began to talk, very low, with the habit of those who have lived much in churches, with the rare gestures of those whose rule requires them to repress the movements of the body.

"I have had to give up the devotion of the Santa Scala," said Sister Francesca, "and it was my sweetest consolation. I am told there is a Santa Scala in a church here in Naples; but it is very far away, at the very end of the Corso Vittorio Emanuele. Even by omnibus, it takes two or three hours to go there, and then I scarcely think I would be strong enough to go up its thirty-three steps. I am so old—you know I am thirteen or fourteen years older than you."

"I too," replied Sister Giovanna, "have been forced to give up my most loved devotions. When one is in someone's else house, one cannot do as one wishes. My sister is very kind to me; but she is engrossed in the world, and there are many things she does not understand. In the old time, you remember, I fasted every Thursday, because Friday was the day of our Saviour's death. Now I cannot fast; my sister declared it would ruin my health, my niece laughed at me and my nephew says that this fasting is culpable affectation. But I have got-

*Translated for *The Living Age* by Florence McIntyre Tyson and Marie Eulalie Perkins.
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ten out of the habit of eating on Thursday, and I feel as if every mouthful would choke me."

"I wanted to keep my little lamp burning before the Sacred Heart," continued Sister Francesca, "but I had to buy my own oil. My nephew and niece are very close; I do not blame them, for they are poor, and they are glad they have never had children, for they can hardly provide for themselves. The first two months of my entrance back into the world, they did not require me to pay any board; but it was too great a sacrifice to last long; I could see they were exceedingly annoyed at this burden which had so unexpectedly fallen upon them. For I am only their great-aunt, and of course they were not obliged to receive me at all. Now—all that is changed."

They both sat silent. Sometimes during the long visit, they said nothing, but glanced timidly around on the bare walls of the room, or the closed window opposite, then one of them, gazing sadly at her friend, would begin to talk, as if she were speaking to herself, in slow, monotonous tones, like the falling water of a fountain.

"How do you manage now?" asked Sister Giovanna, leaning slightly towards Sister Francesca. You do not live now at their expense?"

"No, I pay," sighed the other; "I pay a little board each month. From the time the thousand lire arrived from the Government, I felt unwilling to eat their bread without helping them. At first they did not want to take my money; they were ashamed, saying people would think badly of them. But I insisted, because I saw they fully meant to take it in the end."

"And how much do you pay?"

"Forty lire every month. For the forty lire they give me my room, service, food and washing; a cup of coffee in the morning, dinner at two o'clock and soup in the evening."

"Do they give you nice things to eat?"

"I preferred the cuisine of the convent."

"And you have been paying them for eight months? At the rate of forty lire a month, you have already spent three hundred and twenty."

"A little more, three hundred and fifty. Oil for the lamp, a few charities, a pair of shoes that I had to have, some handkerchiefs. I have only six hundred and fifty lire—I have counted it so often—with what remains, I have enough to live upon for two years more."

"Yes, two years," repeated Sister Giovanna compassionately.

"I have only one hope."

"You think they will give us back our money?"

"Oh, no, you may feel sure they won't return a cent," exclaimed Sister Francesca, shaking her head. "Except the thousand lire we have received, we shall never see a cent of our money. My only hope is that I shall die before the two years are out. Since I am very old, I trust that God will call me, rather than have me to beg or starve to death."

Another silence, weighted with sorrow, fell between them. Then Sister Giovanna said:

"I, Sister Francesca, I have not the same hope. I am much younger than you, and unless God is especially good to me, He will not call me from this world of affliction and unhappiness."

"And you, do you pay here?"

"No, I do not pay. My sister and her children have never been willing to take my money. But instead of gaining by that I lose. They used to be in comfortable circumstances; now they are poor. Whose fault is it? It is not for me to say, and I should be ashamed to pronounce judgment rashly. But the truth is there is often no money in the house. Then, in order not to seem

selfish and avaricious, and content to live at their expense, I am obliged to spend something."

"And have you already spent much?"

"Yes, I have spent quite a good deal," replied Sister Giovanna.

"How much?"

"About six hundred lire."

"Six hundred! Dio mio, more than the half!"

"Yes, alas, more than the half."

"But how has that happened?"

"I have given it penny by penny, lira by lira. At first I kept a little book and wrote every day my expenses. Now I do not write in it any more."

"Six hundred lire? It is too much, Sister Giovanna."

"Yes, I know it is. But there is my nephew Francesco—a young man—always out of money. He wants to get married. He is looking for a match. When he comes to me, I am not strong enough to refuse him."

"You love him very much, this nephew of yours?" asked Sister Francesca, fixing a scrutinizing look upon Sister Giovanna.

"Yes, I love him very much."

"He is the son of the man you were to have married, if I remember aright?"

"Yes, his only son," replied Sister Giovanna simply. "The father is dead, otherwise I should not have come here."

"You would perhaps have feared the temptation?"

"No, Sister Francesca. A long time ago, Jesus gave me peace. But still, had my sister's husband been living in this world, I would not have come here. He is dead, and I forgave him long ago."

"Does his son resemble him?"

"Yes, very strongly."

"Have you spoken of all this to your confessor?"

"Yes, owing to a scruple of conscience."

"He gave you absolution?"

"Yes; but he made me promise to give him no more money."

"He did well; when you have no more, what are you going to do?"

"I do not know," answered Sister Giovanna, thrusting her hands into her sleeves.

"I have enough to last two years; but you have not, Sister."

"I have enough for about two months. And you really think they will not give us back our dowers? Really? Here they think they will, and indeed they expect it. Perhaps I ought not to tattle so, but the truth is that my sister, having spent her fortune, is counting on this. When she came for me, nothing was said about money; but—it is dreadful to say it—at the bottom of my heart, I felt a suspicion, a distrust. Grace never cared for me—why, then, should she have received me? At first, they thought I had saved a large sum. But you know, we make the vow of poverty. Afterwards when they found out that my whole fortune consisted in this thousand lire, they thought it was hardly worth having. What they are waiting for with an eagerness they do not take the trouble to conceal, is the twenty thousand lire of my dower. They talk as if it belonged to them, as if they would have it to-morrow."

"They will soon be undeceived."

"You think so," returned Sister Giovanna, "but my nephew thinks differently. He has already been to Rome twice to speak with personages high up in the Government, and each time I gave him fifty lire. The news he brings back is encouraging. So they are full of hope, they are counting upon it, are putting off paying their debts until the money comes, are making new plans for spending it. It all worries me dreadfully, Sister Francesca, but I do not dare to say a word."

"Do they treat you decently, at least?"

"Yes, when they remember the twenty thousand lire. Perhaps it is not only of themselves they are thinking; but after all, they are in needy circumstances—as you see, they gave me a nice chamber—I do all sorts of work in the house. I am not their servant, but the servant of the Lord. At the convent, you remember? we were accustomed to work, but we worked then joyfully. Here the labor is sad. Often the mother and daughter quarrel and say awful things to each other; I am very unhappy, Sister Francesca."

"Suffer your ill-fortune with patience."

"I am not deficient in patience, I assure you. But things happen here which do not suit me at all. Neither mother nor daughter love God. They go of course to church on Sunday, but only to pass an hour. They make fun of holy things—as soon as that begins I get up and go away—it is more than I can stand. But I hear them laughing behind my back."

"Be brave amid your tribulations."

"When I am alone, Sister Francesca, I spend hours in tears, I ask myself what will become of me when I no longer have any money and they have given up hoping for the twenty thousand lire. Then I retire to my room, preferring solitude, and sit down near the window making lace."

"Can you sell your lace, Sister Giovanna?" asked Sister Francesca, touching the bobbins.

"Sell it? And what would I get for it? I know no one. Ah, yes, if only I could sell it! That piece you are looking at is meant for the high altar of the church of the Good Counsel."

"It is very beautiful. You would readily find purchasers for more like it."

They sat silent. Twilight deepened

into night. Broken-hearted and sad, they abandoned themselves in their black garments to sad memories. The pure white face of Sister Francesca shone out of the shadows of the gloaming, but Sister Giovanna's, dark and thin, was invisible in the obscurity.

"So, it is in this spot you spend your days, Sister Giovanna?"

"Yes, as you see, the people on the other side of the street are quiet and still. Nobody takes notice of me, I take notice of no one. Sometimes it almost seems as if I were back in the convent of St. Ursula."

"Oh, the convent—that would be very different. Oh, the happy years we spent there."

"Too few."

"They passed like one day. It seems like a beautiful dream. And do you remember Sister Clemence of the Thorns, she who was so little, so petite. Ah yes! poor Sister Clemence. Do you remember how devoted she was to the souls in Purgatory? What can have become of her?"

"God knows! And Sister Gertrude of the Seven Wounds, do you remember her? Oh, was she not good? Perhaps a little proud of her birth, but that is not a mortal sin. Then, too, she repented of her pride. Do you remember certain nights when she gave herself the discipline? What has become of her, I wonder?"

"God knows. I loved all the Sisters, but Sister Veronica was indeed a true saint."

"Yes, a saint, a saint! How many especial marks of affection Sister Veronica obtained from Jesus and from Mary! I always begged her to recommend me to the Virgin and her Divine Son. Sometimes she would remain hours on her knees in ecstasy, praying for me alone. Alas! Shall we ever see her again? Does she still pray for me? Where is she and what is she doing?"

"God alone knows."

"Have you heard anything about any of them?"

"No, nothing, except of you."

"And I nothing except of you. I would so love to hear something about our poor Abbess. But I have heard nothing."

Another silence intervened, long and sad.

"I think Sister Theresa of Jesus is dead," continued Sister Francesca, as if she were talking to herself.

"You think she is dead. Why?"

"Oh, I think so. Before our separation, I understood she could not live long."

"If she is dead it is a great happiness for her."

It had grown very dark by this time. Sister Francesca of the Seven Words rose to take her departure; Sister Giovanna rose too. They remained standing together in the darkness.

"Let us say an *Ave Maria* together," proposed Sister Giovanna sadly.

They prayed for some minutes. Then—"I must go," said Sister Francesca; "I will take the omnibus to get home. It only costs two centesime."

"I thank you for your visit. When shall we see each other again?" said Sister Giovanna.

"When God pleases. Perhaps never again. It is best to part as if we were about to die."

"May God bless you, my Sister."

"May God bless you, my Sister."

And Sister Francesca went away, her head bent down, her hands hidden in her large sleeves. Sister Giovanna, having closed the door, sat down in the darkening room, her head bowed, her hands hidden in her sleeves. She was alone in her empty home, in her silent chamber. The other threaded her way through crowded and noisy streets, alone too.

(To be continued.)

THE ESSENTIAL TSCHAIKOWSKY.

If Tschalkowsky has unconsciously wronged his fellow-Russian composers in that his own immediate vogue partly excluded them from the public ear, he himself, in his turn, has not been quite fairly treated by the British public or the British critic. It is doubtful whether he would have reached his present popularity here if it had not been for the peculiar interest attaching to the Sixth Symphony, and to the romance of his death, which led to partial disclosures of more than one romance of his life. And although the Sixth Symphony has been heard so often that there is a real danger of our getting too much of it, it cannot be said that our ordinary musical audiences know Tschalkowsky

very well as yet. The Fourth and Fifth Symphonies, one or two of the orchestral suites, the First Piano Concerto, the "Casse-Noisette" Suite, and the "1812" Overture may be heard fairly often; but there are comparatively few opportunities of hearing—frequently enough for the public to know it well—the great bulk of his other work. His numerous operas, his Second and Third Piano Concertos and the Concert-Fantasia, his Violin Concerto, the "Romeo and Juliet," the "Hamlet," the "Tempest," the "Manfred," the "Francesca da Rimini," the many ballets, the chamber music, the first three symphonies, the numerous piano pieces, songs and duets, are as yet scarcely known in England; and

for the great majority of people Tchaikowsky may be said to be represented by the Sixth Symphony, the "1812" Overture and the "Casse-Nolsette" Suite—the first earning him the reputation of a hopeless pessimist, the second that of a semi-barbarian, the third that of an adept in graceful trifling. While this is the state of affairs as far as the public is concerned, the majority of the critics are hardly in a much better condition. For most of them Tchaikowsky is conveniently, if not very illuminatively, summed up as a cross between modernity and savagery—a musician who can at all times express all the latest decadence and neurosis, while his frequent outbursts of wild rhythm and his orgies of orchestral color show how near he is to the barbarian ancestors from whom all Russians are supposed to have sprung—and not sprung very far. It is of no avail to point out to the intrepid ethnologists that Tchaikowsky was half French in his ancestry; that Russia is a very large country, containing more than one type of physical and mental structure; and that even if it were possible to conceive of the whole race as answering to that convenient entity the Slav, it cannot be said that "brainlessness," the mere savage delight in unrelated color is its most prominent characteristic. Our politicians have probably found in dealing with the Slav that the brainlessness has not all been on one side; and our musical critics, when they learn something of Russia, of Russian literature, of Russian art—and, shall I say of Russian music?—may perchance get a stage nearer to an understanding of certain things than they are at present. The caricature of the Englishman and the Englishwoman that used to be the stock

joke of the French humorist of thirty years ago was Gospel truth compared with the caricature of the Russians at which one or two musical critics are now striving desperately to make the public grin. In any case, however—whether Gogol and Tourgenieff and Dostolevsky and Tolstoy and Verestchagin do or do not quite reach the level of the brain of an average English journalist—we may reasonably plead for a fairer hearing for Tchaikowsky before he is disposed of so summarily. There are as many varieties of Russians, let us begin by pointing out, as of Britons. No one—not even a musical critic—could be found courageous enough to sum up Shakespeare, Milton, Kyd, Browning, Blake, Meredith, Congreve, Newton, Queen Elizabeth, Pope, Berkeley, Herbert Spencer, T. H. Green, Charles Bradlaugh, Cardinal Newman, Keble, Swinburne, Dr. Watts, Carlyle, Mr. Bernard Shaw, Mr. Hall Caine, Mr. Oscar Wilde and "that uncompromising realist, Miss Annie S. Swan," under the one all-embracing racial type. Yet this is the manner thought most suitable for the treatment of most foreign races. We have partly given it up in the case of France, recognizing that Molière and Bossuet, Béranger and Leconte de Lisle, Massillon and Zola, Voltaire and Pascal, for example, show as many differences as similarities. But Russia is so far off, and the language so unknown to most of us, that we easily drop into the habit of conceiving the whole country in a lump, as if it had no points of inner detail. Just as all Chinamen are unprogressive, all Boers hypocritical, all Frenchmen hysterical, and all Englishmen brave and honest, so all Russians are alternately simple barbarians and morbid, lachrymose decadents.¹ When Mr. Dannreuther,

¹ "The Great-Russian," says Dr. Georg Brandes, "despises the Little-Russian as sentimental and effeminate, and looks down on

the Pole as on a being weak and unreliable, or, on a higher plane, romantic and fantastic." Yet all these types are, for the conven-

for example, was writing a forty-line notice of Tchaikowsky for Grove's Dictionary, this is what he felt called upon to say:—"His compositions, more or less (*sic*), bear the impress of the Slavonic temperament—fiery exultation on a basis of languid melancholy. He is fond of huge and fantastic outlines of bold modulations and strongly-marked rhythms, of subtle melodic turns and exuberant figurations; and he delights in gorgeous effects of orchestration." Well, what works had Tchaikowsky published at that time to justify this view of him? Included in the list given by Mr. Dannreuther I find the First, Third and Fourth Symphonies, the "Francesca da Rimini," the Violin Concerto, the Piano Sonata, the Serenade for String Orchestra, the Trio, the "Romeo and Juliet," eight operas and ballets, including "Yakoula the Smith," "The Lake of Swans," "Eugene Onegin," and "The Maid of Orleans," besides numerous piano-pieces and songs. One is therefore tempted to ask how many of these Mr. Dannreuther had studied before he came to the conclusion that Tchaikowsky's music bore the impress of "fiery exultation on a basis of languid melancholy." Is there none among these works that shows an exultation that is *not* Slavonic? Is there none in which the melancholy is not in the least languid? Is there none, in fact, that negates the glib and facile formula of the "Slavonic temperament?" There is really no excuse for a critic who writes in this way. If he does not know a composer's work thoroughly he should say so frankly, and not mislead the public, who look to him for guidance. Our critics have learned nothing since then in the treatment of Tchaikowsky's music; and, with the single exception of the study of Tchaikowsky in Mr. Huneke's re-

lence of the English critic, lumped under the one term "Russian."

cent "Mezzotints in Music," I have never come across anything in English from our professional critics that showed either study or understanding of him. They would object to Wagner being judged by the Overture to the "Flying Dutchman," the March from "Tannhäuser," the "Faust" Overture and the "Kaisermarch," and, say, one complete work like the "Meistersinger;" yet they have no hesitation in pushing Tchaikowsky aside after a study of him very little more thorough than this. Even the open-minded amateur, who is quite ready to express his likes or dislikes independently of the critic, has not done Tchaikowsky justice—has not, indeed, had the opportunity of doing him justice. His operas are not played in this country, his songs and duets are not sung at our concerts, our pianists ignore the Second and Third Concertos and our conductors shy at the more out-of-the-way orchestral works. His career in England, then, has really yet to begin. What may be our final verdict on him it is not yet time to ask; the more immediate thing is to make the first steps towards an understanding of him.

No one, of course, would think of denying the presence of a certain primitive, volcanic element in some of Tchaikowsky's music. In works like the "1812" and the "Capriccio Italien" he revels in gorgeous color and frankly subordinates the form to this consideration; and it is work of this kind that has led so many people to stigmatize him as a mere venerated barbarian. But critically considered, it is just this explosive quality, or the other side of it, that accounts for a great deal of Tchaikowsky's freshness and charm. The tendency to kindle in a moment, to take fire at any suggestion, kept him always simple and sincere in his music, free from the stale sophistications of the schools, free from the mere writing for writing's sake

that frequently makes Brahms, for example, so intolerably dull. It is not often we find a mind so relatively simple as Tschalkowsky's, so free from conscious theories, remodelling the accepted practice at so many points. That he was able to do so was due entirely to this willingness to be led by his imagination. He will give you as many moods in the course of a single movement as one of the older composers would have given you in a whole symphony; but everything—melody, design, orchestration—is in perfect keeping with a very clear and very consistent mental picture. We may leave it to the Academics, who still speak of the scoring of Mozart and Beethoven as models for the student, to hold up their hands in pious horror at the full rich wine of Tschalkowsky's orchestration. The nerves of most of us are rather stronger; and we will tolerate any degree of color so long as it helps to the understanding of an idea, just as we can endure any amount of gloom and horror, so long as the appeal is to the brain rather than to the mere nerves. For this is another point on which Tschalkowsky is at present somewhat misunderstood. Proceeding almost entirely on the basis of the Pathetic Symphony, our musical instructors are inclined to write him down as a whining sentimentalist—"greasy" was the adjective lately applied to the sentiment of that Symphony by one of the most inspired of the confraternity. They cannot all attain that ineffable height of superiority, though each, in his own smaller way, regards Tschalkowsky as rather a poor fellow on the whole and his music as lacking virility. The pity is that musical critics should still be unaware that a philosophy of life is not necessarily inane because it does not square with theirs. If your leanings are towards optimism, you are not likely to care for the concentrated

gloom of the Pathetic Symphony or the "Francesca da Rimini," or some of the despairing songs of Tschalkowsky. But it might be as well to reflect that optimism is just as much an expression of sentiment as pessimism—and perhaps not the more profound expression. One of the best of our musical critics has taken us all severely to task more than once, for effeminacy and degeneracy in liking things that seem to him mere whining. But when I find that this gentleman refers to the "Four Serious Songs" of Brahms—which to many of us seem one of the rare cases in which music has risen to the most philosophic heights of poetry—as "dismal meditations on the darkness and dirt of the grave," it occurs to me that there are occasions when the limitations of a man's temperament can cause him to be less illuminative than usual. Some of us like our art as gloomy as we can get it and rather like to ponder on the interior of graves. It does not make us depressed in the least, for artistic emotion and real emotion are two very different things; and we can go about the ordinary rascalities of our business the next day all the better for the fine moral sentiments we have read over night, and eat a better dinner than usual after listening to a dissertation on the superiority of spirit to matter. The only thing we have a right to ask is that sentiment should never degenerate into mere sentimentality.

In the case of the Pathetic Symphony, I personally do not feel that the sentiment is overwrought, or that it suggests weakness of outlook upon life. But I am willing to place that Symphony on one side, since people have heard it so often of late that it is no wonder the feeling of it is becoming too familiar to them. A constant reading of "Hamlet" for four or five years would probably leave us with a lower appreciation of Shakespeare

than we had at the beginning, since undue familiarity with the profound causes it to look rather obvious. Instead of flinging stones, however, at the Pathetic Symphony, as if it were the only work of Tschalkowsky worth considering, why not look at some of his other compositions for evidence of his philosophy of life? Take, for example, his songs and duets. Where, outside Wagner and Brahms, will you find vocal music to raise you to such heights as these? Where else will you look for such a union of perfect melody, of philosophic grasp, of tragic poignancy and artistic reticence, of profound thought controlling at once the emotion and the musical form? There is nothing here, in these great songs of his, that can for a moment be regarded as feeble or sentimental. Take, as examples, the famous "Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt," the "Invocation to Sleep," the "Versöhnung" (Op. 25, No. 1), the "Canary" (Op. 25, No. 4), the "Mit ihr ein Wort gesprochen hab' ich nie" (Op. 25, No. 5), the "Die Liebe eines Todten" (Op. 38, No. 5), the "Warum?" the "Neugriechisches Lied," the "Die Thräne bebt," the "Thränen." Nothing but a defect of temperament can blind a man to the greatness of such things as these. No pulling sentimentalist could write such music as this. It has too much solidity, too much directness, too much veracity, too much restraint, to be the product of mere hysteria. The passion of such works as the Fifth Symphony or the "Francesca da Rimini," again, does not suggest the sentimentalist or the superficial and excitable barbarian to me. That the scale of color is somewhat higher than Beethoven or Mendelssohn or Brahms would have used is quite true. But it is just that that gives it its beauty for us. We want music to be the expression of a personality in the first place, and, in the second place, of an interesting and

contemporary personality. We do not want perpetually to have to go to poetry and to prose for the satisfaction of certain artistic needs that music can equally well provide for if it likes; we do not want music to confine itself to a conventional treatment of conventional subjects, and to leave unvoiced and craving for expression a hundred of the subtler emotions within us. The root of the objection of some of our critics to Tschalkowsky's passion is to be sought in mere temperament; and while it is extremely interesting to have these side-lights on their personality, they hardly suffice to discredit Tschalkowsky for us.

Tschalkowsky, indeed, had no need to attack our nerves to make an impression on us. He had at his command too many of the main, bed-rock qualities of his art to be reduced to that. He can always write good melodies, always put some charm into his work, no matter how slight the subject may be; and where he is intensely interested few composers can equal him for sincerity and depth of expression. The famous scene of the writing of the letter in "Eugene Onegin," the farewell of Joan to her native place in "The Maid of Orleans," the phrases in "Francesca da Rimini," and in "Romeo and Juliet," are models of simple yet profound, concise yet ample, dramatic speech. In things like this there is really not the slightest trace of the amiable sentimentalist that certain critics suppose Tschalkowsky to have been. They are clearly the work of a man of sincere and profound feeling, who has travelled far beyond the stage of the merely superficial suggestions of sentimentality. And if any one desires examples of sheer strength of musical imagination, he has them in the opening of the Piano Sonata, in the opening of the Second Piano Concerto, in the whole texture and treatment of the Third Piano Concerto, in

the firmly-modelled substance of the "Romeo and Juliet," in the general conception of "Manfred," in innumerable scenes of his operas—all examples of assured and easy strength, perfectly under intellectual control, perfectly free from the sound and fury that signify nothing.

The current misunderstanding of Tchaikowsky, then, is due in part to lack of knowledge of the whole of his work, but in part also to a misconception of his aims and tendencies. It was not without reason that Brahms spoke of the English musical public in such eulogistic terms. His symphonies really have a popularity here that would surprise a Frenchman or a Russian; for there seems to be something even in the heavier parts of them that appeals to the English mind.² It is not that we positively like this kind of thing, but that we have been brought up to think we ought to like it. Up to quite recently the critical standards of the average English amateur were Handel, Beethoven and Mendelssohn; and he always had a regard, if not a liking, for whatever was cold, correct, formal, heavy, uncolored. We see it in the personal environment of the normal Englishman up to the last few years—the dull decorations, the heavy and shapeless furniture, the low-toned pictures, even the ugly and inane style of dress of his women-folk. We have progressed a great deal in some of these respects, but the majority of Englishmen still think the equivalent of these—the oratorio, the cantata and the anthem—the noblest forms of music. After these come the "classical" symphony—the symphony of model "form"—while program-music stands in the lowest category, and is supposed to be the refuge of the merely second- or third-rate minds. When

the normal Englishman goes to a concert, then, he does not want too great a disturbance of his emotions. If he is to permit himself to be worked up, it must be in a way equivalent to the spurring his jaded frame likes to get from the kind of literature or art he loves; he wants either raw sensation, or portentous dulness relieved by religious emotion. He goes into ecstasies over the merely brutal effect of two or three hundred voices howling out a commonplace chorus by Handel—an effect frequently depending on sheer noise, like the firing of festival cannon; or else he listens placidly to a turgid German or English symphony, not with the sense that he is enjoying it, but with the sense that he is hearing the correct thing. That persistent sense of duty that is the curse of most Englishmen prevents him finding out what his real sensations are—prevents him even wishing to find out. He knows he *ought* to like the music he doesn't like, and that is enough for him. The Puritan virus is still sufficiently strong in him to make enjoyment seem almost sinful; and when he comes across a work like the "Pathetic Symphony," that really does give him great artistic pleasure, he seeks salvation in the thought that precisely because he *does* like it so much it must be of an inferior order. Then he looks to the critics for guidance, and finds them courageously backing him up in his weakness. A symphony cannot possibly be great unless it has a fair sprinkling of moments of dulness. If it is uninterruptedly enjoyable it must be superficial. The mark of a really superior musical mind is to be seen in certain knotty passages of pure futility, that signify nothing that was ever known or felt in heaven or earth, or in the waters

² It always seems necessary now to say, for fear of being misunderstood, that a convic-

tion of Brahms' intolerable dulness at times does not imply that one is an anti-Brahmsite.

that are under the earth; that mean simply that the composer's imagination has given out, but that still having so many bars to write to make his work the regulation length, he must do them as conscientiously as possible. Herein do the English critic and amateur see profundity. If they cannot say the work is enjoyable, it is better than that, it is "noble" or "dignified." If it is as dry as the remainder biscuit, it exhibits the austerity, the restraint, of true genius, and testifies to the predominance of the intellect over the mere emotions. So are the critic and the amateur happy in the sense that they cherish the finest sentiments, that they are above the common herd who think of nothing beyond the pleasure of the ear, and that they, at least, know themselves to be on the side of the angels.

To minds of this order Tschaikowsky will appeal in vain for some time to come. He is too personal, too individual, too modern, to impress those who seem to breathe comfortably only in the atmosphere of the past. For Tschaikowsky is a contemporary, the man of his time as much as Ibsen or Tolstoy or Whitman. In music, as in every other art, we may roughly distinguish two broad orders of mind. There are the men who are content to travel once more over the well-trodden ground of their predecessors, who rarely bring fresh observation to bear upon their work, who are satisfied with expressing, through the medium of a transmitted technique, a thought or an emotion that is also transmitted, though it may take upon itself a more or less original appearance.

On the other hand are the personal men who insist on seeing things in their own way, who are always cultivating their artistic vision to sharper degrees and finer uses and who are incessantly modifying and transforming

their technique, to help it to keep pace with their newer observation of things. The former are always sure of a hearing, because they build upon the bed-rock of accepted tradition. The principles upon which they work, the things they utter, are the survival of a thousand experiments of a thousand years, and, as survivals, represent the broad main facts underlying the differences of things. The personal men, on the other hand, with sharper nerves and acuter vision, catch vibrations in life to which the ordinary human being is insensitive, until incessant repetition has made them familiar to him. The customary distinction of idealist and realist, which is used to mark out the two orders of artists in most cases, would be better replaced, in music, by some such distinction as formalists and verists. The one term indicates the men like Brahms¹ who are content to take a form as it left the hands of a great predecessor and to submit their matter to the confining limits of that form. Those who aim at veristic expression are compelled to reject the sacrosanct formulas of the past where they hinder the free utterance to work their way through and beyond the conventional form to something more propitious to their own native thought. Wagner is the stupendous type of this order of artist. But Wagner's heterodoxy became more evident through his having at his command the pen and the printing-press as well as the lyre; and it should not be forgotten that Tschaikowsky, though he missed the free advertisements Wagner was wont to give himself in his prose works, was also a revolutionary, also a pioneer, also a man who sought painfully and honestly, throughout his life, to find the forms best suited to what he had to say.

That his range was not universal no one would care to deny; but the same

¹ Brahms the symphonist, that is.

thing may be said of every musician but Wagner, who alone is master of every note of passion, of pathos, of grief, of despair and of humor. No one would think of specifying humor as one of Beethoven's cardinal qualities, in spite of a casual example of it here and there; and if Tschalkowsky on the whole lacks humor, he, like Beethoven, is hardly less great on that account. He is, indeed, almost preternaturally serious. Life was no bed of roses for Tschalkowsky; and the courageous journalists who reproach him for not displaying a bolder face to the troubles of the world would do well to remember that his great trouble—the one that seems to have darkened all his days—was one he could not possibly surmount. Few men, probably, have suffered so intensely in this world. He was little more than a sensitive musical instrument, from which all the winds conspired to draw tones of tragic, passionate melancholy. His life, his thoughts, his desires, were all inward. His gaze upon the outward world seems to have been comparatively unobservant, if we may judge from the attempts he has left at external tone-painting. The man who can voice so directly, with such appalling conviction, all the secret troubles of the soul, falls curiously, for the most part, when he aims at the concrete pictorial. The orgy in "Mannfred," for example, is not a success; while the "Tempest," good as the general scheme of it is, hardly comes out quite as well as one would expect from the score. The representation of the sea has always appeared to me singularly ineffective. Everything in it has been carefully planned, down to the minutest detail; indeed, it could not look better or more promising in the score, and it may be made to sound pretty well on the piano. But as far as the orchestral effect is concerned, there lacks just that final touch that

would make the thing veracious, real. It seems to be the painting of a man who has indeed observed the sea, but never closely enough to catch its true voice or absorb its real life. There is no such exact seizure of its essence as we get, for example, in Rubinstein's "Ocean Symphony." In only one department is Tschalkowsky's painting of external scenes quite vivid and convincing—in the Russian dances that occur so frequently in his works. Here, however, the main effect comes from the rhythm; and on the whole it may be said that Tschalkowsky fails as a painter of the concrete. But where his object is not so much the tonal representation of an actual scene or aspect of nature as the portrayal of the sensations of a human being in the presence of nature, or a suggestion of a scene as it thrills the inner life of thought and emotion, it would be hard to find his equal, with the sole exception of Wagner. Think of the lurid horror of his painting of the Inferno in "Francesca da Rimini;" or of those exquisite zephyr-like whisperings, that rustle of the night-air through the placid leaves, in the love-scene in "Romeo and Juliet;" or of the curiously effective suggestion in the first movement of the seldom-heard First Symphony, of the life of a quiet road in winter; or of the raging horror and terror of that picture of the souls of the sinful women in hell, in the "Neugriechisches Lied." These scenes, and others like them, are the work of a psychologist of the first order. It may be said, in fact, that it is decidedly the exception for Tschalkowsky to fail when he is aiming at effects of this kind. For the expression of all that concerns the graver elements of the inner life, for the voicing of all shades of grief and passion and despair, we shall have to look far to find his like.

This was his "mission," the work he was sent into the world to do. And the

point that has to be considered is that, in obedience to this need of his nature to exhaust in sound, if possible, all the potentialities of agonized expression, he was for ever seeking the form that should give him the fullest liberty for what he had to say. After his remarkable gift of melody and rhythm and orchestration, his most salient characteristics are his power of variation upon a particular theme and his magical trick of drawing new shades of meaning from a phrase by the slightest, simplest alterations or repetitions of it. The first of these qualities has earned him some abuse rather than praise in certain quarters. Let us admit quite freely, to avoid misunderstanding, that he sometimes indulges in mere repetition to a quite wearisome degree, as in the second movement of the "Pathetic Symphony;" and that in cases of this kind one really does miss the customary musical development. But, on the other hand, there are many places in his work in which the variation-form—the repetition of the same generic idea, with new garnishings of harmony of rhythm and orchestration, or of counter-melodies—represents the direct and logical working-out of that particular line of thought; and here any attempt at the formal "working-out" of the text-books would be a mere academic mistake. If you have been brought up to think that at a certain stage of a symphonic movement a composer *must* churn his material up into a portentously complicated substance, no matter what the real, final artistic interest of this substance may be, no doubt you will accuse of musical weakness the man who frankly declines to do this if it does not suit him or his material. But just as there are more mental worlds than one to be expressed in music, so there are more forms than one in which they can find expression. The classical symphony

holds good for the particular things that the men who made that form desired to utter. We may be permitted to doubt whether it holds good for *everything*, past, present or future, that the mind of the musician can conceive. Wagner had to protest against the notion that the principles of structure and development of the sonata-form could be imported, *en bloc*, into dramatic music. The different matter here, he saw, required a different manner. And if the mental picture of the symphonist is different in nature from that of Mozart or Brahms, it must find its expression in a different form. There are subjects that can be made to stir us to supernal rapture by the skilful expenditure upon them of all the technical artifices of musical science; there are also other subjects in which we take quite another kind of interest, which appeal to us through quite other senses, and which must be left to insist upon their importance, to accumulate their interest and their influence, to carry their demonstration up to the point of conviction, in a way of their own.

Looked at from this standpoint, Tschaikowsky's manner becomes quite justifiable. Nothing could be clearer than that the whole bent of his mind was away from the ordinary symphony—not only its form but its moods—and towards either the symphonic poem or the symphony interpenetrated with poetic suggestion. The most successful of all his orchestral works are the symphonic poems; the most successful portions of his symphonies are those in which the poetic or dramatic element is predominant. And just as he was led by his instinct to the kind of symphonic utterance most suited to his manner of thinking, so he was led by it to the form of speech that gave his thought the most unhampered play. Repetitions that are merely exasperating in absolute music may become sur-

charged with meaning in dramatic music—witness the prelude to "Tristan," with its constant harping upon the one phrase. Tschalkowsky's repetitions were prompted by the same spirit as Wagner's—the desire to draw the last fine shades of psychological significance out of a theme that had its birth in poetic suggestion. It will be time enough to rail at him for his structure when all the canons of form in music have been settled. At present they are very far indeed from being settled; and for the partisans of the older schools to bring all music to the test of Mozart or Beethoven is mere academic dogmatism. Music grew continuously from Bach to Beethoven, and it will continue to grow when the bulk of Beethoven sounds as thin and poor as the bulk of Haydn and Mozart sounds now. The smallest of the moderns could teach the greatest of the ancients much that he had never dreamed of; and if our melody is for the most part subtler in its curve than that of the "classics," our harmony more expressive, our rhythm more varied, our orchestration more beautiful and more suggestive, we are hardly likely to let them impose on us their ideas of form. Neither Tschalkowsky nor any of the other moderns, of course, has always achieved a form as perfect, as satisfying in its own way, as the most perfect specimens of the elder form; but that is because the new is more difficult than the old. In any case, so long as the development of music is, as at present, along the line of poetic ideas, composers must be left to cultivate their powers in their own way. In sporting phrase, we can give the ancients points in many respects. Think, for example, what a modern could do with the slow movement of Beethoven's Seventh Symphony—how he could brighten up the many bald patches there! If Tschalkowsky, say, or Richard Strauss had

had the varying of that theme what would they not have done with it! For let me insist, at the risk of becoming wearisome, that the modern musician has immensely extended the range of music through this ability to vary a simple phrase in obedience to the variations in a concrete idea. Take, not as the best example that could be found, but as the one that lies nearest to hand, Tschalkowsky's setting of Heine's "Warum sind denn die Rosen so blass?" Probably few of those who have been thrilled by that song have reflected that it is practically all built up out of the opening phrase—a simple little matter of a couple of bars. Tschalkowsky was probably quite unconscious of the little *tour de force* he was performing; his musical imagination simply followed spontaneously the repeated questions of the poem, reproducing them in modifications of his first phrase of inquiry. With an example of this kind in the mind's eye, look at some of the passages in the symphonies or the symphonic poems that are made up of variations or repetitions of the one theme, and then ask yourself whether these may not be the logical outcome of some particular thought, the insistent driving home of some conclusion. These and many other points have to be carefully considered before Tschalkowsky's position in the history of symphonic music can be settled. As has already been pointed out, he is our contemporary—much more the man of our own day than the belated followers of the classical tradition. He made one desperate attempt—in his First Symphony—to look at music and life through the eyes of the formalist; but ever after that he wisely allowed his imagination to carry him whither it would. We must not forget, in estimating his total achievement, that he died in the very prime of his powers, just when he was beginning to

have a vision of what the future may do in music. But the work he has left behind him is quite sufficient to mark him out as one of the biggest of the

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moderns, and one of the most original and independent musicians of any time.

Ernest Newman.

THE HUNT FOR THE WORD.

The business of a publisher divides itself into three functions. The first is that he should select books to publish; the second that he should publish them; and the third that he should call attention to the fact of their publication. Of these, the third is rapidly outstripping the others in importance, and is therefore naturally the one on which most care, thought and artistic endeavor comes to be expended. It is universally conceded (except by a few old-fashioned persons who of course do not count) that the best book is the one of which most copies are sold; and therefore the book which everybody wishes, let us not say, to buy, but to be able to talk about, is the one which everybody is supposed to have read, to be reading or to be about to read. When once the idea of a large sale has taken root, matters are simple; it is only necessary to advertise the figures, and the rest of the sheep will follow where so many have led. The publisher who neglected to employ so simple and efficacious a method would be neglecting his duty to his client and to himself. It is, however, when the idea has not yet taken root, that the art of publishing achieves its real triumphs, in convincing the public that a certain work has sold, is selling, or will sell in large quantities. Some time ago this effect was produced by a rapid succession of editions. Books entered upon their sixth or seventh impression with marvellous

celerity, and the fact was vociferously proclaimed. Gradually, however, it became noised abroad that not many copies need necessarily go to an edition; the proclamation began to lose something of its significance, and a newer device took its place. Were Mr. X. to assert that he has implicit belief in the high literary merit of the novel he will publish on such a day, the world might possibly remain sceptical. But if this hypothetical gentleman communicates through the public press the intelligence that he has led off with an order to his printer for a very large number of copies, a certain stir of interest is perceptible. It costs indubitably a considerable sum to print, say, ten thousand copies of a novel; and the publisher who has not only given that order, but has paid for reiterated proclamation of the fact in several newspapers, does plainly back his opinion, and is therefore rewarded by a certain degree of attention. Moreover, if he really knows his business, he will be careful to bring this conclusive argument before the notice of some influential critic, or at least of some critic who has the reputation among the booksellers of being able to influence public opinion—as expressed in shillings, the only expression of public opinion for which the bookseller has any respect. There is always some such a critic about, ready to stand sponsor at the shortest notice to any aspiring author, provided only

that he can count on being first in the field.

In these remarks will be found, we believe, some explanation of the unusual comment aroused by the publication of Mr. Charles Marriott's novel, "The Column." We cordially agree with the reviewer who hailed it as something "outside the common ruck of fiction;" but we are equally convinced that it was not of a kind to become rapidly prominent without an extraordinary degree of advertisement. It is true that a little while before the momentous day of issue the publisher was good enough to "confidently predict that this novel will rank as one of the most remarkable productions in fiction of recent years;" but this gallant expression of opinion (which, after all, as it stood, was not much more convincing than Lucretia's reason for her belief in Proteus) might still, we suspect, have left an oft-duped public cold, had no more solid assurance of confidence been forthcoming. At all events, by a variety of means, attention was called to the book as to something of wholly exceptional merit. Almost simultaneously with the date of publication a flourish of trumpets was sounded in nearly all the leading journals which, both in its volume and its unanimity, recalled something of the rapture which greeted the once immortal "Aylwin." The story, we were told, combined "all the best faculties of the writers known to everyone." All the author's characters "have stepped from life into his pages to be turned about and displayed by a mind which lets nothing escape." "To the ordinary novels of the day it is as light is to darkness;" a comparison which another critic, with a finer turn of fancy, bettered by vowing it to be as far ahead of the ruck as "Snowdon's summit is from the level of Primrose Hill." "The Column" is an extraordinarily fine achievement, and until

its author publishes again we hardly expect to see its equal." And so on, and so on, till the chorus culminated in this enigmatic (but to the elect no doubt convincing) pronouncement: "The format is the Bodley's best." Obviously a writer who is welcomed in such terms on his first appearance cannot be treated as a beginner; we look to him not for promise, but for performance.

Let us begin, then, with an examination of the book. Structurally, its edifice is of the simplest. Miss Daphne Hastings, a young lady of unusual type, makes the centre of a highly unusual community brought together by chance (as we are asked to believe) in a Cornish village. Her surviving parent, Edward Hastings, had married a Greek woman, and returned from Greece bringing with him his daughter and a single Doric column which he has erected on the sea-cliff in view of his windows, planting laurels round it. He is known to a limited circle as the author of "Subsoil," a volume of essays which, we are given to understand, preach a Hellenic paganism. Daphne, after taking part in a rehearsal of Schubert's B minor Symphony performed by the village Choral Society with the doctor conducting, feels a crisis of her fate impending. She wanders to the column, viola in hand, and as she strikes the strings of her instrument she is answered by a man's voice from below the cliff, crying for help. This is Mr. Basil Waring, brother of the Vicar of the unusual parish, and a person of the most aggravating culture. He turns out to be a devout admirer of "Subsoil" and to have broken his leg. He is nursed under the roof of Hastings, and marries Daphne. In a little while the pair discover that they are not in complete emotional sympathy. Mr. Hastings dies, leaving Daphne lonely; but a baby is born to whom

she transfers her entire devotion. Basil, a little in the cold, goes to London, and relapses into an amour; but this has no bearing on the story as Daphne knows nothing of it. Before he returns, she, a strong swimmer, goes to bathe where she has always bathed, and is drowned.

It is, of course, only fair to say that Mr. Marriott would not accept this as an accurate outline of his plot. It omits the part played by the column and generally by inanimate nature. But we are speaking at present of what we can claim to understand, and upon that we have certain criticisms to offer. First, then, beyond the romantic manner of his apposite arrival, we can conceive no earthly reason why Daphne should fall in love with Basil Waring. Mr. Marriott sees him as a person fundamentally contemptible, but superficially attractive; the reader, however, is not made at any point in the book to feel the attractive quality. That is a grave defect in art. "*Romola*" is not among the great novels, but George Eliot leaves us in no doubt of Tito's fascination. Secondly, the scene between the couple newly returned from the honeymoon, where Basil (who has acquired the habit of popular instruction in the East End), proposes to make the column a place of educational pilgrimage for tourists, is perfectly incredible. He does not merely hazard the suggestion; he insists, in the teeth of the girl's natural repugnance. This is not psychology; it is caricature. And it leads up to a second, and even worse, scene by a complication which we omitted from our sketch of the plot. Michael Trigg, vergar of the church, is a born mystic; a picturesque, if rather pedantic, dissertation upon Cornish character prepares us for his readiness to attempt a spell. Devout himself, he believes that Hastings has died and been damned for a heathen, and that

Daphne is kept from conversion by the malign influence of the column. Following, therefore, the principle of magic, that to act on a part is acting on the whole, he chips a fragment from the column and, bringing it to church, lays it under the cloth to be consecrated with the Eucharist. Daphne, recovering from childbirth, goes to the column and Basil accompanies her. She sees the damage, and instantly assumes that he has taken advantage of her illness to introduce his tourists to the consecrated spot. When he explains, with natural irritation, that her assumption is groundless, she accuses him of intent to "drag her into a vulgar quarrel." Her behavior at this point may be extremely feminine, but it is not that of the traditional Greek goddess.

As for the other element, which is, we presume, symbolic, it defies criticism. That the column had something to do with Daphne's drowning we are bound to believe, since there is no other and easier explanation. There is a long chapter which describes how Daphne, in that excitable state which accompanies the early stages of pregnancy, sees a vision where the column takes its place in a great temple, and she herself is led by a procession to the altar. Then the sky opens, thunder crashes, and she is aware of her re-consecration to some mysterious bridegroom whom she had unwittingly forsaken in marrying a mere mortal. It is all very fine, but to the plain man more than a little bewildering.

There remain two grounds on which the book may claim notice, its presentment of character and its virtuosity of style. On the first of those we base our regard for Mr. Marriott's talent. Daphne is, as we have urged, not always well shown, but on the whole, she is an impressive figure. Her father, Mr. Hastings, is very slightly but skilfully indicated, and so is the

vicar, Herbert Waring. The characters treated in the manner of Meredithian farce (for of course Mr. Marriott derives bodily from that source) move us less, the doctor for instance, and Mr. and Mrs. Bargister. Gertrude Lafey, the designing female who completes her conquest of Basil, is better; but the stimulus of what Mr. Marriott is pleased to call her "mullebrity" is somewhat nauseously insisted on, and the preciousness of her appalling letter, in reply to Basil's equally intolerable narration of his mishap, passes all endurance. There remain two really good figures, the boy Johnnie and the sculptor Cathcart. Their part in the story is only to assist in the presentation of Daphne, but there is enough of them both to make one think that Mr. Marriott may some day do good work, when he learns to be less clever and perceives that excellence lies in simplicity not in contortion.

Coleridge defined good prose as "proper words in their proper places," and he further held that works of imagination should be written in very plain language; "the more purely imaginary they are, the more necessary it is to be plain." Very different is the case with those who nowadays are commended for style. "How forcible," observed the tormented Job, "are right words!" It is for the wrong words that our young geniuses toil as some men have been known to toil for virtue. The word which they desire to find is the word which no one else would have employed; the image by which they prefer to illustrate their meaning is the one which no one else would have been clever enough to think of. And Mr. Marriott can bandy conceits with the best of them. Such a phrase as "the mouthpiece of history chuckles vain salacity" should make him free at once and for ever at the Guild of Gibberish. Yet when he pleases he can be neat and pointed

while still remaining intelligible. Here is a description of the impression made by the village doctor in his capacity of musical conductor.

Mrs. Bargister, who reverently misquoted him, wondered why he did not compose an oratorio or something. Chaperoning her daughter to the weekly rehearsals, she hung upon the music with pathetic fidelity, and had, under the mordant civility of Caspar Gillies, already learned to swallow "How pretty." The action was almost physical, and with any silence, accidental or designed, there was to be seen upon her face the look of the dog who is nearly surprised into the forbidden bark.

This again is good, though in a very different key, concerning Daphne's mood as she issued from the music to her wanderings on the cliff on the evening when she heard Basil cry for help.

The calyx of her heart had unclosed a little, hinting roseate possibilities to be brooded over in midnight solitudes. [The suggestion of midnight, though, in this context is bad.] It was as if, fingering a familiar cabinet, she had pressed the spring of a secret drawer hitherto unsuspected; and for the time the world held for her nothing to be compared with its dim-seen fragrant contents.

But the mind needs other things of a writer than comparisons, even if they be witty or beautiful, and the desperate determination to be continuously ingenious is distracting. We will give a case in point, from some more comment of the same kind upon Basil, observing, by the way, that Mr. Marriott is not content to let his characters display themselves in word or act; he must be for ever expounding, and for ever ingenious in the exposition.

He [Basil] habitually steeped himself in the atmosphere of the moment,

and at intervals examined his soul as one would a meerschaum—to see how it was coloring. Before the arrival of the post he had been heaving the lead into his consciousness and picking out samples of the deposit of the last few weeks. The result was satisfactory to his self-esteem, and the congenial task of raking among the contents of his mental dredger revealed many pretty things.

The lead, it may be submitted, is not a dredger. Basil, indeed, has a most disturbing effect on Mr. Marriott. When, bored alike with the country and his wife, he leaves her for some alleged business in London, his journey, by the sufficiently prosaic medium of the Great Western railway, stirs our author into the strangest example of what Ruskin has taught us to call the pathetic fallacy.

The names of stations shouted by porters became cries of welcome; and by Reading he already heard the diapason of the Strand. The fever of the town was on him; he voiced the epic of London arousing his companions—upon whom had fallen the vague fear of the metropolis—as one leading pilgrims to some land of promise. *Even the engine seemed infected with his rapture, bounding forward with answering cries.*

Mr. Marriott's style has been praised by one of his admirers for being careful; but careful of what, we would ask? Will any one unravel the tangle of ideas in the following phrase? "To her excited imagination the whispering laurels were inimical and the column upreared the stern monitor of an ideal slipping from her grasp." That, we desire to state brutally, is not English, however one may take it. How does a column uprear a monitor—or a minotaur? We incline to the belief that Mr. Marriott intends the verb in a neuter sense, as later he writes:

"At the far end upreared a white presence, veiled, inscrutable." To this phrase the same objection applies; it is not English. To make it English we must write: "At the far end a white presence, etc., reared up"—and that is nonsense. To such extremities are men driven by the hunt for the unexpected word.

The effects of this chase upon Mr. Marriott are widely varied. Sometimes a well-meant effort after distinction of phrasing lands him in the merely incomprehensible.

If the man [Edward Hastings] could be held local of any place, he was of Greece; here he impinged, and the intensity of contact suggested to the competent observer a key to his character; though there was but little in his habits to corroborate the theorist and nothing to encourage the bore.

Why intensity of contact should suggest a key, even to the most competent observer, we are at a loss to know, and the latter part of the sentence is as dark as Erebus. *Impinged* is a word specially consecrated to strange uses with this author, who writes, for example, of "a heavy windless evening, with a sky so burnished that the edges of things impinged with an insistence that was almost audible." No doubt this means something; but for our own part we can but re-echo good Dr. Gillies's comment on a certain passage in "Subsoil," and confess that we "fail to see what he means;" and moreover we feel far from certain of Mr. Marriott's ability to enlighten us. We should like him to try Dryden's test, and see how he would put it into Latin. He is a scholar, or at least weighted with trappings of scholarship which are not worn lightly. Such a passage as this, for example, can only be described as sheer pedantry.

Nowhere is the insurgence of Spring more absolute than in London. Out on the countryside the Epithalamion of sun and earth is more modulate, for even in midwinter there is a pretty conjugal civility, a kind of breakfast-table dalliance between them. But when the almond breaks in London squares it is Olympian wooling or nothing.

The observation is pleasant enough, but surely a thing of this sort can be said without two neologisms such as *insurgence* and *modulate*. A little further we read how "the infatuate pair seek to smother the Devil with the roses of amenity;" and when, in the same paragraph, Mr. Marriott wishes to allude to this metaphor, he writes that "they continued their Hellogabalus-pastime," a compound before which the bravest Teuton might grow pale. One last illustration of this vice cannot be spared, for Mr. Marriott's own profit.

The individuality of our English Counties is unquestionable; and he who is susceptible to such influences has little need of map-makers. That is, if he can rid his mind of the tyranny of history and the importunity of the alleged development. For the disturbing power of the latter, one has only to point to the metropolis! *Here time has exploded the plausible fallacy of the Geometrician, and London holds Middlesex in its belly.*

What the second sentence means we cannot conjecture, but the words italicized are Mr. Marriott's elegant way of saying that in spite of Euclid the greater is contained by the less. It would be difficult to burlesque a manner such as this. How far in sheer infelicity a man may be carried by the habitual abuse of words, is best seen in a passage, which it is, we trust, not irreverent to quote. Daphne and her friend Miss Williams are together

on the cliffs: "They might have sat for Mary and a more tolerant Martha, cap-tive to the trivial round, but respecting her sister's pregnant indolence." Of all adjectives!—but Mr. Marriott is in a way excusable. No self-respecting writer nowadays would speak of a pregnant woman—pregnant silences, pregnant words, pregnant landscape, anything with which the word has never before been coupled, if you please—but to employ the word in its natural meaning is a solecism too gross to contemplate.

Mr. Marriott, it need hardly be said, is not alone in his vagaries. How should he be, when such things are hailed as excellences? Some time ago an author submitted a manuscript to a well-known publisher. The manuscript was declined with a courteous letter in which the publisher deplored the absence of distinction in the author's style. "Have you not read the stories by Mr. Bernard Capes?" he asked. "Can you not try to write like Mr. Capes?" Now Mr. Capes is a shining example of those extravagances which it is the special purpose of this article to deprecate. Open his book, "The Lake of Wine," and you come upon a lurid procession of sentences like this:

A squirrel ran from branch to root of a beech tree like a stain of rust; a cloud of fieldfares went down the sky and wheeled, disintegrated, as if they were so much blown powder; the rud-docks twinkled in the hedges like dead leaves flicked by the wind.

The true object of a descriptive passage is, we believe, to suggest to the mind of the reader the physical settings of a scene or event. Mr. Capes has other views. It is as if he stood on the front of a platform and said: "Gentlemen, here is a tree; pray observe, not the tree, but the words and similes in which I shall describe it.

They are specially invented for the occasion." A squirrel goes down a tree-trunk in a flash of russet color; Mr. Capes will liken it to the slow trace of rust. A flock of fieldfares turn on the wing; Mr. Capes will never say they scatter—they are disintegrated. Robin is too vulgar a word for his fancy; the bird shall be a ruddock, and the sudden showing of his red breast shall be likened to what in all nature it least resembles, the motion of a dead leaf. His hero rides across the downs and an outcrop of white chalk is seen as Nature showing her teeth at him. Thus he achieves distinction and a style.

Mr. Marriott limits his research for the unexpected to the written word; his personages speak intelligibly; but Mr. Capes, not content with his own elegance, makes his characters also "parley euphuism." "That I should come to be the eye-salve of such a parcel of oafs!" exclaims the hero when he finds himself stared at. "Your ambition is a tortoise," is the sentence that he springs upon a servant, not unnaturally frightened of so superfine a speaker. "Mr. Tuke," we are told a little later, "laboriously strained at a camel of wit;" and the phrase seems to us admirably descriptive of Mr. Cape's own methods. "Gentlemen, gentlemen," we seem to hear him crying, "for Heaven's sake, let us not forget ourselves so far as to be simple!" If his hero wake of a morning, we find him "lying lazily snoozed among the pillows." If there is a landscape-effect on hand, here is the procedure: "The grass was a foot long and so weighted with dew that a kilderkin of sweet water might have been gathered from it." Truly it is a sonorous word that fills the central place in this sentence and becomes at once the intellectual focus, sending our minds post-haste to memories, not of dew-drenched lawns, but of the in-

effectual struggle to master weights and measures. And the worst of it is that Mr. Capes had really a pretty instinct for the feeling of the scene and took the right method to convey it. A common word would have expressed his meaning simply and avoided the inevitable jar of the entirely unexpected and incongruous. But *kilderkin* undoes him, and the essential effect is sacrificed to the hunt for the word. His sentence would gain and not lose by translation into Latin, to revert to our test; but we should like to see the faces of Professors Jebb and Tyrrell if they were set down to render a phrase like this: "She sang to herself in that odd wild voice of hers, the stinging disharmonies of which seemed to flicker up in the flame of her hair." There you have the modern method in its full beauty. *Disharmonies* is not English, nor Greek either for that matter; it is a new and spurious mintage. Neither harmonies nor disharmonies can either sting or flicker, and hair, though it has been likened with natural fitness and beauty to a flame blown backward, cannot possibly (unless under a barber's revolving brush) resemble an ascending flame. A single license sparingly taken produces its appropriate effect; such a phrase as "stinging discords" might grace a period; but this riot of incongruities results only in gibberish.

And the pity of it is that the men who run after these new inventions are men of real talent. Mr. Capes has not the power of characterization which we have noted in Mr. Marriott; but he has what Mr. Marriott entirely lacks (so far as we have opportunity for judging), the power of inventing incident. "The Lake of Wine," if it were translated into English, would be a really good story. Indeed, toward the latter part of the book, when his hands are full with the narrative, the

author does not indulge to the same extent in this habit of acrobatic contortion. But in a later book, "Our Lady of Darkness," we find a dilution of the narrative gift and no tempering of the extravagance in diction. Take again Mr. Nell Munro, a writer whose first volume, "The Lost Pi-broch," filled us with hopes that his subsequent work has not yet entirely dashed. Take the opening of a chapter of his story, "Doom Castle," from the May number of "Blackwood's Magazine."

Long after, when Count Victor Jean de Montaignon was come into great good fortune, and sat snug by charcoal-fires in the chateau that bears his name, and stands an edifice even the Du Barry had the taste to envy, upon the *gusset* of the roads which *break apart* a league to the south of the forest of St. Germain-en-Laye, he would recount, with *oddly inconsistent humors of mirth and tense dramatics*, the manner of his escape from the cell in the fosse of the Great MacCailen. And always his acutest memory was of the *whipping* rigor of the evening air, his temporary sense of *sounding* helplessness, upon the verge of the *fantastic* wood. "Figure you! Charles," would he say, "the *thin-blooded wand* of forty years ago in a brocaded waistcoat and a pair of dancing-shoes seeking his way through a labyrinth of *demoniac trees*."

What would Lockhart have said, we should like to know, to such a passage? Would he not have cried *havoc* and let slip the scorpions? But as things go, we have merely to remark that the forcing of the note is a little more obvious than usual. *Tense dramatics* is of course not English, but who cares nowadays to limit himself to a beggarly dictionary?

The man to blame for all this is not Mr. Meredith, the chief of sinners by example. It is Stevenson with his preaching of a doctrine that concen-

trated effort not on the thing to be said but on the manner of saying it. Stevenson himself had always an infinite deal to say. His invention was endlessly prolific in stories, his critical intelligence was infinitely subtle in the ethical casulstry for which life offered endless material to his insatiable curiosity. However one may rate him as an artist, his influence upon the younger generation has unquestionably been far reaching. But, happily or unhappily, he wrote and thought like a Scot. The Scotch divines, who were his spiritual as well as his physical forefathers, transmitted to him a taste for polysyllables, and he was born a worshipper of exotic words. Anything appealed to him more than the natural way of easy speech, and he preached the deliberate cultivation of an assumed manner. He "played the sedulous ape" himself to Lamb, Hazlitt, and many another besides, and the method, like all the methods of genius, answered for himself. Other men follow it with disastrous result. They play the sedulous ape to Stevenson, and they push his tricks to the point at which imitation becomes caricature. "St. Ives" is a bad example of Stevenson's manner, as he knew and said himself; it is unfinished work, dictated by a man not used to dictating, and composed under the pressure of a deadly illness. But in Stevenson's part of the book it would be hard to find parallels to such a sentence as this which we take from Mr. Quiller Couch's few concluding chapters that complete the tale.

Prompt upon the inference came inspiration. I must win to the centre of the crowd, and a crowd is invariably indulgent to a drunkard. *I hung out the glaring signboard of crapulous glee. Lurching, hiccoughing, jostling, apologizing to all and sundry with spacious incoherence, I plunged my way through the sightseers.*

Take this again: "Wind in hidden gullies and the talk of lapsing waters on the hillside filled all the spaces of the night." Or this, where the hero is describing his escape in a balloon: "We were made one with the clean silences receiving us." The point to be especially noted is that these finical phrases are placed in the mouth of a French soldier who, though born above the ranks, had seen all his service in them. It would be easy, but ungracious, to add other examples. Mr. Couch undertook a most thankless task to serve the wife and family of a dead friend, and, we may be sure, worked with more anxiety than he would have done on his own account. But the passages cited are examples of Stevenson's manner as Mr. Couch conceives it. The pages of "Weir of Hermiston" offer a contrast rather than a parallel to such writing.

We have done with our illustrations. The moral we would wish to convey may be briefly stated. Words are the medium for displaying thought, not the thing to be displayed. It is the thought, the observation, or the invention that matters, not the words. Their main business is to be adequate; if we allow to them a beauty, it should be secondary, not primary. There has been no greater master of words than Horace, and his dictum is emphatic,

Verbaque provisam rem non invita
sequentur,

which Lewis Carroll has freely rendered in his happy parody of a familiar piece of advice, "Take care of the sense, and the sounds will take care of themselves." The something "*insigne, recens, indictum ore alio*, (notable and new and such as no other poet had sung before)," which he proposed to produce in honor of Bacchus, was not a new word, nor any nice derangement of epitaphs. He was not going

to speak of *molten voices* or *blue music*. He was going to make something new out of the old words, conforming, as was his custom, to the demands of common sense. And Horace wrote in verse, where licenses are more permissible. Prose is, or ought to be, the tongue of ordinary speech a little arranged and conventionalized. Our last thought would be to under-value polish, but polish consists in removing roughness and incongruities, not in adding them. The hunt for the word results in a bedevilment of the common English with a mass of ill-assorted oddities; and we believe it to be for the practised writer a purely unnecessary exercise. At all events, Thackeray's manuscripts showed scarcely an erasure, and few men have written better than Thackeray. Scott perhaps is hardly a model; his prose, to borrow his own phrase, is apt at times to be a little loose about the joints. But his faults are superficial and accidental; his excellences are essential, the "countless unaffected colloquial charms and on-carryingness of his diction," which Coleridge spoke of; and these are incompatible with a stilted and tortuous utterance. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the right word is not the unexpected word, but that which will unobtrusively commend itself as natural and appropriate. We would plead with the younger generation of writers to be natural even in print; not to disguise from the world that urbanity and unpretending grace which we are sure distinguishes their private conversation; in a word, to write more or less as they talk. But if they have, with much application, learned to talk as they write, we can only implore them for their own sake and that of others, to unlearn what must inevitably be a most paralyzing and intolerable accomplishment.

ODE TO MUSIC.*

Soul of the world!

Spirit of slumbrous things, whate'er thou art,
Who dreamest smiling, with bright pinions furled,
Deep, deep, beyond the noise of street and mart,
In forest spaces, or in pastures wide,
Where the hot noonday weaves a breathless spell,
Along the unfrequented river-side,
Amid the cool smell of the weedy stream,
Of sight and scent thou dreamest well—
But music is thine earliest and thy latest dream!

O far-off time!

Ere sound was tamed by gracious mastery,
Faint fugue of wakening birds at matin prime,
Or mid-day booming of the laden bee,
Bass of the plunging stream, or, softly stirr'd,
The crawling sea's monotonous undertone,
Or windy lowing of the forest herd,
Thin pipe of dancing flies at shut of day,
Winds in wild places making moan—
These were the songs of earth, in artless disarray.

O march of years!

The simple days are dead, the rich tides roll,
And we, the inheritors of toil and tears,
Utter the ampler message of the soul.
How clear the subtle proem! Murmuring sweet
The soft wood whispers; on the silence leap
The shivering strings, with motion fairy-fleet,
Soul-shattering trumpets, lending fire and glow,
The mighty organ wakes from sleep,
And rolls his thund'rous diapason, loud and low.

Behold us met!

In no light fancy, no inglorious mirth,
But strong to labor, striving well to set
The crown of song upon the brow of earth.
Music, be this thy temple hourly blest,
Of sweet and serious law the abiding-place;
Bid us be patient! Bid us love the best!
Climb, gently climb, to summits still untrod,
Spirit of sweetness, spirit of grace,
Voice of the soul, soft echo of the mind of God!

The National Review.

Arthur Christopher Benson.

* Written for the opening of the new Concert Hall in the Royal College of Music, set to music for Solo voices, Chorus and Orchestra, by Sir Hubert Parry, and performed at the Inaugural Concert, June 13, 1901.

OLD ENGLISH RUSTIC PSALMODY.

Among the few things of the good old times that one would like to see revived are the village church orchestra and the singers' gallery. Most people probably know the fine picture of "A Village Choir," by T. Webster, R.A., in the South Kensington Museum, a picture which might have been painted from the original in almost any village of the early Victorian England. The lover of the quaint and the picturesque would give a good deal to see such a combination of musicians nowadays, but the clergy have long since made the quest impossible. It was a sad mistake of the clergy. No doubt, as Mr. Baring Gould says, the playing of the old orchestra was not very good, and the instruments were as often as not out of tune. No doubt also there was much quarrelling and little harmony among the performers. But an interesting institution of that kind should have been improved, not abolished. In those easy-going old days every village in England had its half-dozen men who could play on some instrument—clarinet, bassoon, fiddle, viol, flute, ophicleide or what not. These instrumentalists, besides giving their services in the church on Sundays, attended all the local festivities, the wakes, the harvest homes, the revels and the weddings. Where are their counterparts now? You will search for them with as much difficulty as Cœlebs experienced in searching for a wife. Half a dozen boys who can manage the concertina are all that you will find; while inside the church, instead of the rubicund bucolics, blowing their bugles and scraping their catgut, you have only the "pealing organ" and the "full-voiced choir," clad in surplices, and as conventionally commonplace as a charity concert. The old-

time picturesqueness has entirely vanished.

For it was a picturesque spectacle, this of the village church orchestra. If we had no other evidence of it we should find it in abundance in the standard literature of the country. One has but to recall the doings of the musicians at Englebourn Parish Church as detailed in "Tom Brown;" of how the bass viol proceeded to the church for the usual rehearsals and to gossip with the beadle; and how, at the singing of the verse in Psalm xciii, which ends with the line, "With dragons stout and strong," the trebles took up the words, and then the whole strength of the choir chorused again, "With dra-gons stout and strong," and the bass viol seemed to prolong the notes and to gloat over them as he droned them out, looking triumphantly at the distant curate, whose mild protests it was pleasant thus to defy. So minute an observer of English country life as George Eliot could hardly have missed the village orchestra. In "Felix Holt" there is a persistent plaint by one in authority about the obstinate demeanor of the singers, who decline to change the tunes in accordance with a change of hymns, and stretch short metre into long out of sheer "cussedness," irreverently adapting "the most sacred monosyllables to a multitude of wandering quavers." But the best description is that of the process and procedure of the singing at Shepperton Church. There, as the singing was about to begin, a slate appeared in front of the gallery, advertising in bold characters the psalm about to be sung. This was followed by the migration of the clerk to the gallery where, in company with a bassoon, two key-bugles, a carpenter under-

stood to have an amazing power of singing "counter," and two lesser musical stars, he formed the complement of a choir regarded in Shepperton as one of distinguished attraction, occasionally known to draw hearers from the next parish.

When such a body as this laid hands and voices on a "descriptive" psalm or hymn, then was the time to hear them at their best. The big butcher, fiddling all the while, would declare in a mighty solo, "I am Jo-Jo-Jo-Joseph," and then, having reiterated this information four or five times, would inquire with equal pertinacity, "Doth my fa-a-ather yet live?" the key-bugles, meanwhile, running away at a great pace, and the bassoon every now and then bombing a flying shot after them. There was one psalm which never failed to rouse the enthusiasm of the village musicians. It was not the psalm in which the "great leviathan" is celebrated, though that, too, had its admirers. It was Psalm xviii, especially the following lines:

And snatched me from the furious
rage
Of threatening waves that proudly
swelled.

The words "And snatched me" would be repeated severally by all the parts, who would then sing them two or three times in chorus. After that there would be a tossing and a tumbling over "the furious rage;" and at length, the single line having been worried and torn to the exhaustion of the most powerful lungs, the whole gallery—clarinet, bassoon, violoncello, the red-faced fiddler, who kept the village inn, the tall, thin tenor with the large nose—his principal vocal organ—and the rest—would all rush pell-mell into the "threatening waves that proudly swelled;" and having thus done their duty would march up the church path in a body, their instruments under

their arms, feeling as important as if they were Wellingtons after Waterloo.

It was out of this excessive repetition of words that a good deal of the humor of the old-time church services flowed. The "repeat" time was a great institution with our forefathers. It was all right if the words sung to it were chosen with care and discrimination. The musical effect must certainly have been good, as the last line was taken up by all the parts and repeated with ever-increasing force and heartiness. Unfortunately it would sometimes happen that the last line would not bear this process of repetition with becoming dignity. Thus, in "Send down salvation from above," you had "Send down Sal" repeated three or four times before you got the full word "salvation." When you were set to sing "And take Thy pilgrim home," what you did in effect sing was "And take thy pill;" when you meant to bewail "My poor polluted heart," it was really "My poor poll" that you bewailed. "Oh, for a mansion in the skies" became "Oh, for a man;" "And learn to kiss the rod" was cut up into "And learn to kiss;" "And more exalted joys" was turned into "And more eggs;" "Stir up this stupid heart" sounded like "Stir up this stew;" and so on *ad infinitum*. There was really no end of these drolleries when the "Calcuttas" and "Lydias" and "Mount Pleasants" of our forefathers were being heard in the churches. The more strictly "fuguing" tunes produced effects of a somewhat different kind. Here the words were repeated "quite promisc'us like," after the manner of the sailor's well-known description of an anthem. When the musicians' gallery adapted such a verse as this to a "fuguing" tune, they really reached the climax of sentiment and singing:

True love is like that precious oil
Which, poured on Aaron's head,

Ran down his beard, and o'er his robes
Its costly moisture shed.

It was not strange that Bishop Seabury wondered whether Aaron would have any hair left after he had been treated by the choir in the following fashion:

Its costly moist—ran down his beard—
Ure beard—his—beard—his—shed—
Ran down his beard—his—down his robes—

Its costly moist—his beard—ure shed—
Its cost—ure robes—his robes—he shed—

I-t-s-c-o-s-t-l-y—moist—ure—shed.

It was this specimen of rustic vocalism which so tickled the fancy of Prosper Merimée. "Who knows," said he, "where the oil finally did or did not run, or whether it was the oil or Aaron or the beard itself which eventually ran down?" The great majority of the people came to enjoy heartily the "repeat" and "fuguing" tunes, but they did not like them at first. Some members left the church altogether when they were introduced. One veteran declared that he would repeat "only when the Lord repeats;" and a couple of dead cats were deposited at the door of a parish clerk who had shown unusual zeal in the matter of "fuguing." This was no doubt meant to convey an indication of somebody's opinion about the poor clerk's cater-wauling!

That there was a good deal of diversion to be got out of the old parish clerks is clear from the fact that Pepys thought it an excellent jest to hear one of these functionaries begin Psalm xxv, "which hath a proper tune to it, and then Psalm cxvi, which cannot be sung to that tune." This sort of thing must have happened pretty frequently, for the clerk's stock of tunes was never very extensive. In 1730 a would-be reformer declared that not more than five or six tunes were com-

monly used, and that many of the clerks were unable to sing even these correctly. Sixty years later a writer tells of having heard "York" tune sung fifteen times in a week at one church, while in another church he heard the "Gloria Patri" sung to the doleful strains of "Windsor." But the clerk had more serious faults than that of a restricted psalmody. Look at this from a weekly journal of the year 1741: "Some parish clerks, when party disputes run high, are proud to pick out a malignant psalm, one which they imagine suits with the state of public affairs or with some transactions in their own parishes, and casts a reflection upon them, whereby a part of the congregation is grievously scandalized, while the other is unseasonably diverted." One has heard of sermon texts being selected on this principle, as when Rowland Hill in the first days of the chignon, preached a rousing discourse from the words "Top-not, come down;" but although I once knew a minister who applied Luther's "That old malicious foe intends us deadly woe" to Mr. Gladstone when he proposed disestablishing the Church of Scotland, it may be hoped that psalms and hymns are seldom chosen with a malignant purpose in these enlightened days. Now, and again, the old clerk would himself, like Silas Wegg, drop into poetry. Some time after the return of King William III from a visit to Holland, the bewigged clerk of a country parish stood up on Sunday morning and announced: "We will sing, to the praise and glory of God, a hymn of my own composing." And then he proceeded to "line out" as follows:

King William is come home, come home,
King William home is come;
Therefore let us together sing
The hymn that's called Te D'um.

This was bad enough, but, to say truth, some of the metrical psalms which used to be sung were not much better. Thomas Sternhold might have been an excellent "groom of the robes," but he made a very poor show when he started to set David running in rhyme. Nor did John Hopkins improve greatly on his predecessor. Indeed, the most that can be said for the pair whose names are so indissolubly associated with the old metrical Psalter is that they did their best to make a faithful rendering of the original. Their plety was emphatically better than their poetry; as Wesley said, they would rather provoke a Christian to turn critic than a critic to turn Christian." Perhaps a single specimen will serve. Take this:

They shall heap sorrow on their heads,
Which run as they were mad;
To offer to the idol gods—
Alas! it is too bad.

Too bad, indeed; sheer doggerel in fact. No wonder the witty Earl of Rochester, passing a country church where the clerk was droning out some such lines as these, no wonder he should be tempted to that impromptu which has been so frequently quoted:

Sternhold and Hopkins had great
qualms
When they translated David's psalms,
To make the heart right glad.
But had it been King David's fate
To hear thee sing and them translate—
By heaven! 'twould set him mad.

And yet they were so fond of this doggerel that they not only sang it, but made the clerk or the precentor "line it out" before singing. Of course, the practice of lining out has long been disused in England, though it still survives in remote corners of the Scottish Highlands. It originated, no doubt, in the backward state of education

among the common people. The common people could not read, or were too poor to buy psalm-books, and this idea of giving out the line was conceived in their interests. It was at the best a practice of questionable advantage, involving as it did both the interest of the tune and the meaning of the words. When the clerk gave out: "The Lord will come, and He will not," and then, after the congregation had sung these words, announced: "Be silent, but speak out," it must have required a keen perception to explain the double paradox according to the original:

The Lord will come; and He will not
Be silent, but speak out.

It need hardly be said that under this practice ludicrous things often happened, more especially in Scotland, where the precentor held the place of the English parish clerk. Everybody knows Dean Ramsay's story of the precentor who, going through the psalm in piecemeal fashion, stopped to request some members of the congregation to allow the laird and his lady to get into their pew, and then went on to read the next line: "Nor stand in sinners' way." As often as not it was the clerk or precentor himself who was made to look ridiculous by the lining out process. There is a well-authenticated anecdote of a young precentor who was one Sunday deputizing for a more experienced leader. He began all right, giving out the line, "Teach me, O Lord, the perfect way," and declaiming the words with exceptional and inspiring eloquence. Unluckily, on returning to sing the line, he somehow failed to "catch on" to the tune. Once more he read out the line and tried to get hold of the melody, but with no better result than before. Still another attempt, and still another failure; until at last an old farmer stood up, and, blurting out, "Indeed,

laddie, I'm thinkin' the Lord has muckle need," went on with the tune himself. Of course, even without the lining out, there were frequent incidents of a humorous character. Old Sam Wesley, the father of the original Methodists, used to chuckle vastly over a joke that he once played on his precentor. It was the days of wigs, and Wesley, when he was done with his caput-covering, always made a present of it to his precentor. The latter was a little man, and the wigs of his superior almost buried his face out of sight. One Sunday morning the man of music looked more than usually ridiculous, and Wesley, irreverent as it may seem, could not resist giving out the psalm:

Like to an owl in ivy bush
That rueful thing am I.

Ministers, it is to be feared, often practised this kind of pleasantry, especially when they desired to be revenged on refractory singers. One cleric of last century had somehow incurred the wrath of the musicians' gallery, and the gallery as a consequence had struck work. But the cleric was not to be discomfited. Next Sunday he gave out the hymn, "Let those refuse to sing who never knew our God," and, leading off the tune himself, the congregation joined as lustily as if the enraged musicians had been in their accustomed places. This was almost, though not quite, as good as the case of the New England divine who, unexpectedly finding his singers in the church during an interregnum of hostilities, looked significantly over the pulpit, and then announced the hymn: "And are ye wretches still alive, and do ye still rebel?" Some cynic has declared that all anecdotes are lies, but these tales are as true as the Gospel itself. Ministers have the gift of humor as well as other people; and they

are not always discreet in giving evidence of the possession.

And, by the way, speaking of New England reminds me of some of the humors connected with the psalmody of the early Puritan settlers. It seems to have been less varied but much more amusing than the psalmody of Old England. John Bull's rustics accepted their gallery orchestra without a murmur, regarding it evidently as the right thing in the right place. On the other hand, the New Englanders for a long time looked upon instrumental music in the churches as an invention of the devil, very much as the old Scots Presbyterians looked upon the "kist o' whistles." Even the modest pitch-pipe they held to be an instrument of evil omen, so much so that precentors used to have their pipes bestowed in a box with a leather binding like a book, and labelled ostentatiously in big letters, "Holy Bible!" Later on, when it was proposed to introduce the "wee sinfu' fiddle," the innovation was widely resented because the instrument was alleged to savor too much of low tavern and dance music. In course of consultation and argument a charming compromise was arrived at: The violin would be allowed an entrance to the churches if the performers would only play it "wrong end up." The idea was, I suppose, that an inverted fiddle partook of the nature of a bass viol, an instrument which—though some punster declared its use to be a *base violation* of Puritan principle—was regarded by the New Englanders as peculiarly fitted for accompanying the "sweetly solemn sound" of their voices.

As a matter of fact all the separate instruments of the church orchestra had to encounter a stout opposition before they were finally allowed a place in the singers' gallery. When a clarinet was first employed in one church, an old member brought in a

huge hunter's horn, which he blew loud and long, to the complete rout of both clarinet-player and choir. When reproved for this unseemly behavior, he answered boldly that "if one man could blow a horn in the Lord's house on the Sabbath day he guessed he could too," and he had actually to be bound over to keep the peace before the following Sunday. Many a minister declared openly that he would like to walk out of his pulpit when the hated instruments began. One preached a stirring sermon from the text, "I will not hear the melody of thy viols;" another discoursed from the words, "The songs of the temple shall be turned into howling."

A certain Mr. Brown of Westerly sadly deplored that "now we have only catgut and resin religion;" while a neighbor regularly announced the praise material by saying: "We will now sing and fiddle Psalm such-and-such." Complaints were made of the "indecorous" dress of the instrumentalists, which indicated nothing more serious than that on hot summer days the bass fiddler removed his coat and played in his shirt-sleeves. History repeats itself, though in somewhat different detail. It was only a summer or two ago that the more sensitive American citizens were exciting themselves over what they called the "shirt-waist." Men unable to cope with the heat-wave discarded coat and vest, and perambulated the public places in their shirt-sleeves. Mr. Walter Damrosch, the Wagnerian conductor, suffered as much as anybody, but he did not dare to outrage the proprieties in presence of his chorus. At length, seeing that he was being quite overcome by the heat, the members sent him down a polite request that

he should not mind them, but stand up bravely in his "shirt-waist." The conductor coyly yielded, and the ladies applauded him with enthusiasm. The innovation should be kept in mind in view of the possible restoration of the old-time orchestra. Between a gallery in shirt-sleeves and a gallery in surplices there would be no material difference after all.

Before we close, it may be interesting to remind ourselves how up to quite recent times the dearth of players was met by the use of barrel-organs and "dumb organists" in country churches. Indeed, it is only about fifty years ago that the barrel-organ began to go out of use in the church. I know of only one advantage that such an instrument could have had; it could not play wrong notes, though it might sometimes play the wrong tune. Certainly it seems to have behaved erratically enough at times. The latter-day organist knows nothing of the difficulty of managing a choir, but I suspect the barrel-organ proved even more troublesome. There is a good story connected with one which was once introduced into a mission church. All went well until the lad who managed it turned ill, and a deacon who thought he understood it undertook the manipulation of the instrument. At the service he got it through the first tune all right, but found himself unable to stop it. All the other deacons came to his assistance, and as their efforts only resulted in the organ starting another tune they carried it out of the place, and the congregation had the satisfaction of hearing it finishing its repertoire against a tombstone in the churchyard! On the whole, the modern organist, with all his faults, is preferable to *that*.

J. Cuthbert Hadden.

The Argosy.

LIVING AGE. VOL. XII. 635

JOHN DURHAM.

"It is an unfortunate affair, Durham, for us and—for you. The facts must be made known to the directors, and I cannot reassure you as to the view they may take of them. Before a servant is trusted, as the company have trusted you, his common-sense and discretion are taken for granted. Your present action certainly has shown neither the one nor the other. To venture, as affairs now stand, on a solitary ride in the dark with five hundred pounds in your possession, was asking that some such accident might occur. Do you say you recognized the man who robbed you?"

The manager of the Silkstone collieries and his clerk, John Durham, stood face to face in the little wooden office belonging to the Marsh Lane coalpit. The flicker of the single gas jet showed both men to be strongly excited; it also showed that each man held the expression of his excitement well in hand.

Durham's story had not taken long to tell. The facts spoke for themselves, and with sufficient emphasis.

At four o'clock that afternoon he had left Thornfield Bank with five hundred pounds in his charge. Part of that sum was the first week's wages due to the non-union strangers, who had at last taken the place of the regular workmen at the Marsh Lane pit.

The money was carried in a hand-bag; one hundred pounds in notes, the rest in cash. Half an hour's run in the train brought him to Marsh Lane station; the colliery lay a mile to the right.

According to previous arrangement, he was to wait at the station until five o'clock; then a fellow-clerk would join him in a double bicycle—kept

there in readiness—and share the responsibility of the ride. It was the last day of a typical November. The fog, which had been hanging about all the afternoon, had grown denser at sunset. By five o'clock the atmosphere might have been stirred with a spoon; and, to add to the discomfort, a drizzling rain began to fall.

Durham waited until five thirty; then as the other man failed to turn up, he decided to venture on the solitary ride rather than run the risk of not being able to get off at all. He left a message with the station-master; saw that the machine-lamp was all right; lit it, then mounted and was swallowed up by the thick darkness.

The road, which ran along a narrow lane, shut in by high banks and stone walls, formed a level straight line for half a mile; but then took an abrupt turn at right angles, and dropped down a steep hill into the colliery valley.

The first part of the way was soon covered. Nothing was to be heard or seen but the swirl of the wheels, and the handful of luminous cloud which preceded the lamp.

The clang of the bell, as the corner was neared, seemed to act as a summons. Durham had no sooner shot round the angle, than a strong grasp stopped the machine; the light was covered; his arms were pinioned, and the bag seized. All was done in silence, and with the dexterity of a pre-concerted plan. The unfortunate victim had barely realized his position before he found himself free again; and the same helping hands had started the machine on its way down-hill. To resume control was instinctive; to come to an instant decision was equally so. He saw at once the folly of

pursuit; and before the level was reached he had resolved to go straight to the office, tell Macpherson, the manager, what had happened, and then try to get across to Cutthorpe station (the junction for Thornfield), from whence a telegram might be sent on to the bank.

The manager heard the story through; his comment was reserved for the end, and was as we have given it. His annoyance was too great to find ready expression; and the peculiar circumstances which made this the most unfortunate time for such an accident to occur were as well known to Durham as to himself.

For three months the Silkstone men had been out on strike. During the last week, the one colliery, Marsh Lane, had been re-opened to admit a number of non-union men. Such unexpected and independent action on the part of the masters had given a finishing touch to feeling already at white heat. Civil war raged along the whole country-side, and was growing fiercer and more bitter as it became more desperate. The grim phantom of starvation was abroad, and under his leadership a reign of terror had spread over a wide area. The farmer missed his appetite for breakfast, whilst he reckoned up the night's losses to hen-coop or barn. Helpless women, coming home from market, were waylaid and their baskets relieved of the week's provisions. The servants in lonely country houses herded together at dusk, and waited in terror for the tramp of heavy footsteps, and the demand for food, backed by odds of number and strength which there was no chance to withstand. The tradespeople in the neighboring market-town of Thornfield, where the chief custom had always come from the colliers, received warning notices whose meaning was less doubtful than their spelling. All were to the same effect.

"The shops which have failed to help in the present need might take their profits out of other pockets later on; not a union man would ever cross their doorsteps again."

Following hard on this autocratic message would come an empty cart, drawn by muscular specimens of the unemployed; whilst others walked by the side, ready to fetch and carry forced contributions.

The non-union men, already mentioned, were, of course, strangers to the place; no man belonging to the neighborhood would have dared to thus put his life and property—if he chanced to possess any—in danger.

Durham's attitude during the crisis had focussed the general wrath. He was the son of a collier; had begun life on the pit-bank and by force of a clever brain and indomitable perseverance had worked his way up into his present position. That success was not thought to have spoilt him, was shown by the fact that his sympathies were expected to be on the men's side. With Mark Lomas, former foreman at the largest pit, now chief leader in the strike, this expectation had been assured conviction. He knew of a further reason why it should be so; John Durham loved his girl, his motherless Nellie.

But Durham was not the man to allow either prejudice or sympathy to override his convictions. The persistent upward struggle of his life had toughened his moral fibre; the sterling qualities of truthfulness and conscientiousness which had helped to bring success, had become perhaps a little exaggerated, a shade too uncompromising for so young a man; but they were an inevitable result, and as such had to be reckoned with. His position obliged him to see both sides of the question; and, having settled on his right line of action, he did not shrink its consequences.

Yet he had, perhaps, not quite realized what it would mean to make an enemy of the man whose hand held the key to a happiness which grew dearer as it drew further away, or to know that the girl he loved was in danger and distress, and be powerless to help.

It had seemed at times, during the last three months, as if life could offer him no keener trial than the one he was passing through; with Macpherson's question, "Do you say you recognized the man who robbed you?" came an instant comprehension that worse might be in store. For the first time since entering the room, his look wavered; and he was unable to check an involuntary physical recoil. The keen glance opposite noted all, and took what added sternness was possible. The answer, when it came, did not serve to soften it:

"It was impossible to see in such a fog; and I think one ought to hesitate to accept any evidence but that of sight."

"The hesitation will hardly serve your turn with the directors," retorted the manager, as he moved away. "The only thing left for you to do is to ride on to Cutthorpe station, wire to Thornfield, and give notice to the police. You will be safe to go alone. No one is likely to suspect you of carrying a second five hundred pounds to-night; and we may need all our hands here."

Durham turned round, opened the office door, and walked out into the night.

The machine was propped against the wall, and caught what little light came through the window. He looked mechanically to see that all was right; then wheeled it cautiously through the colliery yard, and began to push up the hill.

At the top of this same hill, the Cutthorpe road turned off to the left, and from that point to Cutthorpe station

it was a three miles' run on level ground.

The man's frame of mind, as he slowly made the ascent, was not to be envied. His thoughts were heavy and clouded, as the air he was breathing; and seemed inevitable. Accuracy of speech, as of action, had become ingrained in his nature. It had not been easy to forswear himself; it might not be possible to do it a second time; to do it to-morrow.

There had been time before the light was covered to recognize his assailant. There were but two men in the neighborhood of that giant size, or who possessed the grip to stop a machine in full swing; and these two were the twin brothers, Mark and Henry Lomas. On the latter, the crime might have been readily fastened; his previous life would have given no lie to it; but six weeks before the present date, he had thrown everything up, and sailed west to the workman's Eldorado. No, Henry it could not have been! It was Mark! It was Nellie's father.

The conviction gave Durham no specially hard thoughts of his old friend. He could understand that, from the workman's point of view, the money was going into the wrong pockets; was so much of which they had been defrauded. But the masters, the magistrates, would see things differently. In the present high tension of affairs there could be no hope of favor or mercy. The man to whom the deed should be brought home, would surely suffer the extremest penalty the law would allow. It would mean transportation for him—and what for her?

There was a smothered groan, then a desperate push, which brought the machine at a bound to the top of the hill.

He sprang on, and was moving off, when the thing gave a sudden swerve; someone had mounted behind him; the

back pedals vigorously worked, were sending them swiftly forward. His turn of the head was arrested by the touch of cold steel; the barrel of a pistol lay against his temple.

John Durham was a typical Englishman. The presence of danger cleared his brain and steadied his nerves. He waited for the next move, and was not kept waiting long. A voice which he recognized, in spite of certain differences, due probably to repressed excitement, came in subdued tones over his shoulder.

"There's no time to look round, lad. This machine must be run like a streak o' lightning, past Cutthorpe station, straight on to Thornfield in time for the London train. There's no risk for thee. Macpherson expects thee to stop payment o' these notes. Them same notes shall be put in thy hand when we reach Thornfield station. The rest will pay my passage money out to Henry, and then go to buy food for the women and children, Nellie among 'em." There was a moment's silence, then he continued:

"But th' hard times won't last much longer for her, she will know who has saved her father."

"And if I refuse?" the words came thickly.

"Ah! Then—this!" and again his face felt the cold touch. "Make half a motion to'ards Cutthorpe station and thou'rt a dead man."

Five miles of level road is quickly covered by a doubly-worked machine, even in a fog. Durham knew that the station lights would soon be on them, knew that he must make short choice between death and dishonor.

There is a theory that strong mental tension numbs the nerves of sensation. That to the soldier in the heat of battle, the martyr at the stake, the man who sacrifices himself for the sake of a human love, to all such death comes disarmed. But for John Durham the

crucial moment approached grim and stern and bald, with no appeal to any warmer sentiment than the sense of duty.

His brain was perfectly clear and worked with double speed. The facts stood out before him in swift succession. He realized all that the acceptance of Lomas' offer would mean; he had no doubt of his good faith afterwards; Nellie's interests would secure that. He had a sure prevision of what his refusal, what her father's arrest would be to the girl he loved; to the girl whom he felt he loved more at that moment than ever before. He knew that his death would benefit no one, except, perhaps the company to the extent of that £500; he even saw that the fact itself might be misconstrued; and yet, so inevitable is the force of character, so impossible was it for the true man, in the supreme moment of his life, to be untrue to himself, that the decision was felt before it was made. He could do no less than his duty.

Cutthorpe station opened on to a bridge, which spanned the line at that point. The road over which the two men were travelling came out at one end of the bridge, about six yards from the station entrance. The Thornfield road was at right angles, in a straight line with the bridge.

Durham knew that a special police force was on duty here; the lane end would be sharply watched. It would need but one swerve to the right, and—the rest would follow.

Ah! the fog grew luminous. Those were the station lights, another moment and they would be there.

Not a word was spoken; not a sign made by the man behind, except that for the third time the pistol gave its warning touch.

The corner was gained. For one second the machine stood motionless; it was the centre of two opposing

forces. Then came a savage oath; a flash of light; a sharp report; a simultaneous rush of police from different quarters; and a rolling ball of struggling men.

The greatest surprise of Durham's life occurred a few moments later, when he found himself not dead, but slowly struggling to his feet, with a numbed consciousness of pain in the left shoulder, and a dazed, bewildered sense of what had actually occurred. The abrupt flash in his face of a bull's-eye lantern, and the chief inspector's voice, startled him into fuller recognition.

"*You, Durham! You, were the second man? This is an unpleasant surprise. I must ask you to come with me to the station-master's room.*"

The two walked side by side past the crowd at the entrance, through the curious glances thrown at them from the lobby, straight on to the office, which was empty.

As the door closed, Durham dropped into a chair, and looked up at his companion.

"*Tell me how you think the facts stand.*"

"*There is no question of thinking,*" was the reply. "*The facts could not look much worse for you. I was in the inner office to-night and heard what you said to Macpherson. When you had gone off, I borrowed a lantern and made a short cut across the fields; not that I doubted you, but the thief was sure to take the road, with the hope of getting on to Thornfield, and I wanted to be beforehand. I posted my men in readiness, and we have trapped robber and robbed, going off together, with the bag between them. I must say I don't see why—*"

"*Inspector!*" There was a call from outside. He stopped abruptly, and went out, taking care to shut and lock the door after him.

Durham gave a short laugh when he

found himself alone. The irony of the situation touched his sense of humor; but the laugh had more amusement than enjoyment in its sound, and was soon over. There were unpleasant possibilities to be faced. His fate rested in Lomas' hands. Unless the latter chose to clear things up, facts, as the inspector suggested, had an ugly look. A month, a day, nay, a few hours ago, he would have felt that to doubt his old friend was to offer him an unmerited insult; but Mark Lomas' nature must be already changed when that night's action had become possible. Would he now shield the man who had made that action a failure?

For the next ten minutes Durham considered the question, but had arrived at no satisfactory conclusion when the door was opened, and the inspector looked in and beckoned him out.

"*We want you here!*"

He obeyed the call, but was conscious, as he rose, of an unwonted sensation in his head, and that the ground seemed to be far from his tread.

The big lobby held a mixed assembly. There were the station-master, and one or two porters who were not absolutely obliged to be on the platform, the inspector and various satellites, one stranger, and a crowd of faces peering in from outside.

To Durham's vision they were as the blurred effect of a magic-lantern when the slide has gone wrong.

A moment later he was startled back a second time into full consciousness.

Near the door was a second group of policemen; they now separated to allow their prisoner to come forward.

This was Henry, not Mark. Lomas! Mark stood just within the door. The twin giants, seen together, showed equally their likeness and unlikeness; the one in build, the other in character.

Henry's unexpected appearance suggested various comments.

"Thought thee were in Ameriky, Henry."

"Better a stayed theer."

"Next journey'll be ch'aper."

The man took no heed, but looked across at Durham; and something in the look brought a partial silence. His words, however, were directed to the inspector. He asked to be allowed to explain matters.

The inspector's consent was probably due to his own curiosity as well as to the expectant faces round about. He qualified it by telling the man to get through sharp, and to remember that whatever was said now, would be brought in as evidence later.

At the latter injunction Lomas smiled grimly.

"I took th' bag, Mr. Inspector. You've my word for it; I don't know as I can put it no plainer. It's none about myself I mean to speak."

He turned his glance on the crowd outside.

"I'd like to hear first whether my old mates yonder ever reckoned me to be a liar." When many duly emphasized negatives had been shouted across, he again faced the inspector, and with the preliminary remark: "You'll happen be willing to take my word," began to tell of the night's work.

As his account was given in more or less broad Doric, we will be content to take the sense of it.

He described the seizure of the bag, as Durham had described it to Macpherson. He told how he had followed down to the office that he might learn what steps would be taken towards its recapture. He had crept round the corner under cover of the fog, and had stood by the window in time to hear the end of the story.

Macpherson's final question, and Durham's hesitation to answer it, had suddenly inspired him with the idea which he had since tried to carry out. He understood that he had been mis-

taken for his brother. Durham would have had little hesitation in accusing him of the crime; but it was a different matter to have to accuse Mark.

As he walked up the hill, and whilst waiting at the top, the whole plan arranged itself in his mind.

He then went on with a detailed account of how he had taken possession of that back seat, and of all that had been said or done during the three miles' ride. Nothing was omitted, nothing was added. When he came to speak of his pistol's third touch on Durham's temple, his eyes flashed, and he looked round again, abruptly, to those whose sympathy he was surest of.

"I don't need to set much store by myself," he continued, "but I'm none so far gone but what I know true grit when I see it, and if ever any man I' this world showed that same, John Durham did when he turned to th' left, and meant to face his death."

There is no quality which so surely appeals to an English audience as pluck. Viewed through its medium, evil has, at times, taken the form of good, wrong the appearance of right. But at the sight of pluck backed by honor and justice, the slowest British pulse will quicken, the most sluggish nature waken up to pay involuntary tribute.

The prisoner's apostrophe was barely ended, when a vast cheer rose from the listening throng outside; and, so true is nature's sympathetic touch, that a second cheer was carried straight through the lobby, and all present joined in with a will.

Mark Lomas was the first to stop, and he stopped abruptly. Durham was still standing, but the next moment a hand was on his shoulder; he was gently forced down to the bench behind, and his old friend spoke with kindly authority:

"Sit down, lad."

The cheering ceased; in the lull which followed, the prisoner's voice came across to them:

"Maybe the bullet struck him, after all!"

Then as the inspector passed on word for the doctor, Durham lost consciousness.

His second awakening was of a more satisfactory nature than the first had been. His first conscious glance fell on the familiar surroundings of his own room; then went from Mark Lomas, who sat by the bedside, to the doctor who stood at its foot. The latter was the first to speak:

"Ah! he will do now, Lomas. But he won't be quite out of the wood for another day or two. Keep him perfectly quiet, and give all exciting subjects a wide berth." A few more instructions were thrown in, and the two friends found themselves alone.

Durham stretched out his hand; it was taken in a grip somewhat inappropriate to a sick nurse.

"Then it's all right?" he asked.

"Ay, lad! Things should work straight enough for thee now."

There was a pause. The older man's gaze went out at the window as though his thoughts required space. When he brought it back again, something in his patient's face reminded him of the doctor's orders. He turned to a little table which stood at his elbow, carefully measured out the prescribed dose of medicine, then finished his speech, glass in hand.

"I must give thee the news in a nutshell; then this stuff will follow, and a'top o' that—sleep. Just as I caught hold o' thee, in yon waiting-room, and saw what was up, the stranger, who'd stood back agen the wall all the time, walked across to us.

"My name is Rangeley," says he, 'and I am a Derby magistrate. The in-

spector knows me.' 'Yes,' said the inspector, 'I know Mr. Rangeley.'

"Then, in return for the privilege of having been present during the last twenty minutes, you must allow me to help in the finishing up of a most interesting scene. You arrested this man, Inspector, under what you reasonably considered suspicious circumstances; now those circumstances have been explained in the prisoner's favor, you wish to release him, and for that you must have a magistrate's order. I have great pleasure in giving it—"

"He were stopped short there, for they called out from the door that the doctor was coming, and we all knew it were time. We got thee home and to bed, and here I've been waiting since; we were skeered o' brain fever setting in.

"The directors sent for me yesterday, but I couldn't leave thee; two on 'em had to come here instead. It might—mind, I don't say it would—but it might have been better if we had met before. They are to consider whether they can grant part of our demand, we shall consider whether we can give up the rest. If both can agree, we may go in again in a week's time.

"Now drink this off, and give me a chance to obey the doctor."

He held out the glass, but Durham, with an unsatisfied question still in his eye, put it aside.

The gravity of Mark's face was broken up by something approaching a smile.

"Not content yet?" he asked. "Well, lad, I've said *my* say. I might, maybe, have brought thee a message from Nellie, but I bid her wait and give it herself."

The medicine was swallowed.

**"WORDS, WORDS, MERE WORDS, NO MATTER FROM
THE HEART."**

Where go all the words that are spoken,
Words that are spoken every day?
Vows of constancy, secrets broken,
Heedless words that men lightly say?
Words compelling, that all obey,
Bitter words with a poison sting,
Farewell words, of life's woe the token,
Words beseeching, and words that sing?

Far away through the desert places
Fly the words when their work is done;
Fast they fly through the wind-swept spaces
Where no moon is, where shines no sun:
Words that are spoken, every one,
Bright with joyance, or dim with woe,
Fly and leave of their flight no traces
More than leaves in the air the snow.

In the silence resounds their story,
"Strong our calling and keen our cry,
Whether we tell of grief or glory,
Kings that triumph or slaves that die!
At our bidding men smile or sigh,
Falsehood, treasure and truth forget.
Youth glad-hearted and Wisdom hoary
We ensnare in our star-gemmed net!"

Words! ye are treacherous, fleeting, hollow:
Thought ye baffle, and hope ye bind,
(Circling swift as the light-winged swallow,
Clouds before you and mists behind.)
Eyes of vision ye fain would blind,
Joy would tear from the storm-tossed heart
Doubt and dread in our footsteps follow,
Trust to torture and souls to part.

Words, how bootless are rhyme and reason
All your pitiless power to prove!—
So the wind in the frost-bound season
Waves of the ice-locked mere should move.—
But, one conquers you—even Love!
In Love's kingdom abased ye fall;
Love can laugh at your gulleful treason:
Love needs never a word at all.

WANTED,—AN ISLAND.

The want quoted above forms the introduction to an advertisement issued on behalf of a client by a firm in Munich. The notice proceeds thus:—"Would Buy an Island, situated either in the Atlantic or Pacific Ocean, or the Mediterranean. Conditions: healthy, climate not too warm, luxuriant vegetation. Send offers, with price and full particulars, to G. A., 1871, care of G. L. Daube and Co.'s Agency, Munich." Recent descriptions of the conversion of the Island of Monte Cristo into a rural and marine paradise by an Italian Princess may have suggested the desire to set out; but the advertiser's wish to own an island is one which will enlist general sympathy. There are, indeed, very few minds to which some such idea has not occurred. Some, no doubt, entertain it from an egotistical desire to be monarchs of all they survey, and to own a place in which they can be a law to themselves, if not to other people. But apart from this aspect of the fancy for islands—one which might perhaps be gratified by paying the Sultan two hundred thousand pounds in cash for the right to be Hospodar, or hereditary Prince, of some islet in the Ægean, with a picturesque population of currant-growers and sponge-fishers—there is much to be said for an island domain as a residence. Fancy and imagination do not err in investing these sea-girt acres with exceptional charm. It is not for nothing that nearly all the islands of Europe lie on the west of the lands which they adjoin. They all seem fragments that have left the land and straggled seaward towards the setting sun. In warm climates they are generally homes of cool breezes and of running waters, for the sea-

winds and vapors temper the sun's heat and moisten the hill-tops. Trinidad and Dominica are the realization of Atlantis and Avalon—the living sunset islands, set in the Western ocean; but even the little granite archipelago of Scilly is now a land of plenty, the nursery of early flowers, the home of happy birds which only die of old age, and abundantly realizes the old tales which poets' fancy wove round the legend of islands of the blest.

The last individual who was presented with an island in his own right was a Turk who won what may be termed the international wrestling contest at Constantinople. The Sultan was so delighted that it was won by a true believer that he gave him one of the islets in the Sea of Marmora to have and to hold for ever. Why no rich Englishman has yet tried to secure one of the exquisite islands off the coast of Old Ionia it is difficult to say. They could probably be bought far more cheaply than those off the coast of Norway, for which there has recently been considerable competition. Those round the English and Scotch shores occasionally come into the market, and seldom go long without a purchaser. The owner of the Holy Island died quite recently; but Holy Island was a family property. The Farne Islands are also in private hands, and the owner has succeeded in preserving and restoring the old and interesting bird fauna. One of the smallest of the Channel Islands was recently offered for sale. The Calf of Man, mainly devoted to sea-fowl and rabbits, was also offered to purchasers. Those on the West Irish Coast seem too unproductive to invite habitation, much less ownership.

The warm air and Atlantic rains render them unfit for vigorous Anglo-Saxon life. But the advertiser might find all that he wants, and more, good climate, vegetation (which he could create or alter to suit his pleasure), and abounding occupation in sport and natural scenery, in the nearer Atlantis on the West Coast of Scotland. These islands now breed some of the finest cattle in the world (sure evidence of the excellence of their climate). They are the home of an increasing army of birds, from the starlings, which Johnson noted, to the partridges and grouse, which were indigenous or have been introduced. In the autumn thousands of snipe and flocks of woodcock visit them. They have around them some of the most beautiful sea-lochs and coast scenery in the world. Some are inhabited by deer, seals haunt the coasts and eagles the mountains. These, and not the islets in distant oceans, seem the natural objects to satisfy the desire of those who "want an island."

The real grounds for the strong attraction of the possession of an island lie in the *necessary* difference of life there from everyday existence elsewhere. It is impossible to get entirely away from the natural and primitive conditions of life in such surroundings. By the nature of things something of the difficulty which prehistoric man had to encounter in the struggle with natural force reasserts itself. Over-civilized people, or minds tired with the "painful ease" of modern life, find a freshness and a new joy in life in the enforced naturalness of island surroundings. They cheerfully exchange the more complex conveniences for the satisfaction of encountering the breezy and primitive problems which our prehistoric or piratical ancestors had to solve with very different means. An island estate makes its owner become maritime in spite of himself. He finds

all kinds of new interests in the mere business of getting to, from, and around his property. Instead of locomotion by means of organization and a time-table, he discovers that he must time his visits by reference to wind and tide. This alone enlarges his views of life, because he will before long discover in going to and fro that to people who live on islands time, as it is understood elsewhere, does not particularly matter. Half-hours do not count, much less minutes, when goings and comings depend on the gain or loss of a tide. He soon finds himself the possessor of many forms of property of which he perhaps never contemplated the ownership, and which few people regard in the light of individual possessions. He builds or finds built a pier or jetty. That is indispensable if landings are to be safe and possible at all seasons. He becomes gradually and of necessity the owner of boats; probably of what our Viking ancestors would have called ships. In their use he becomes more or less of an expert, and as he must employ other people to manage and sail them in his absence, he finds that in addition to becoming lord of his island he is also the commodore of a squadron. Quite a world of possibilities, and of necessary responsibilities of the lighter kind, open to view. Instead of a luggage-cart he owns a luggage-boat, and as he must import his own stores and provisions, this will probably be a large and strong sailing-boat, able to carry a few tons of coal or potatoes or bricks, or to take cattle and sheep across to the mainland. Instead of a carriage he will have his sailing pleasure-boat, and it is almost certain that he will make use of another for fishing to supply the household. It may be said generally that whoever lives on an island spends as much time on the sea as on the land. It seems the necessary result of island life, and by no means

the least pleasant. The island people who work the estates are in most cases at least half maritime, farmers during one part of the year and fishermen during the rest, or farmers and traders in a small way. This mixture of work, which has been denounced as ruinous to the Scotch crofter, is by no means demoralizing elsewhere. The islanders of the Ægean are a prosperous race, though they combine more trades than the crofter, and across the North Sea they flourish exceedingly, both as small proprietors and as tenants. Probably the advertiser for an island has in view something more stimulating to the imagination than an island off the coast of Norway, or Denmark, or Friesland. But it is there that the business of island life, from the residential point of view, is best understood in Europe. From the Zuyder Zee right up the coast of Denmark these islands stud the whole coast line, and the Baltic holds a large scattering of rather higher but otherwise similar islets.

Perhaps the best example of an island estate is on the Danish shore. The whole island is the property of a single wealthy Dane, who cultivates its land, sports in its woods, and fishes round its shores, much as his ancestors did five centuries ago. On it he feeds

The Spectator.

great flocks of sheep, and keeps a pedigree herd of cattle. The steamers call by signal when desired to do so to take on board the produce of his flocks and herds. His own boats go forth loaded with grain or cheeses, or with the game shot in his woods. The whole island is a great game preserve as well as an agricultural property, for the woods are extensive, and full of wild roe-deer and pheasants. Hitteren, off the south-west coast of Norway, has an indigenous race of red-deer, and many of the Loffoden Islands offer some of the best rype shooting in Norway. There is considerable Continental competition when one of these is offered for sale. Germany has few pleasant seaside towns, and little attractive coast line, in spite of the Emperor's belief that his people can now enjoy the "sunshine" by the sea. The result is that Germany has converted the Island of Sylt, acquired with Holstein, into a marine playground, whence the more ambitious cast longing eyes towards the possession of the more beautiful and wild islets of Scandinavia. It would seem more reasonable to endeavor to colonize a German-speaking archipelago in the lovely islands on the Austrian coast of the Adriatic.

SUSPIRIUM.

These little shoes!—How proud she was of these!
 Can you forget how, sitting on your knees,
 She used to prattle volubly, and raise
 Her tiny feet to win your wondering praise?
 Was life too rough for feet so softly shod,
 That now she walks in Paradise with God,
 Leaving but these—to doat on and to muse—
 These little shoes!

William Canton.

The Living Age.—Supplement.

AUGUST 3, 1901.

READINGS FROM NEW BOOKS.

LETTERS TO A FIANCEE.*

Berlin, Friday, May 15, '47.

Dear Heart:—Your father gave me your letter this morning at the session, and in consequence I hardly know what subject was discussed, or at least, lacked energy to form a clear, conscious conception of it. My thoughts were in Reinfeld and my heart full to overflowing of care. I am submissive in all that may happen, but I cannot say that I should be submissive with gladness. The chords of my soul become relaxed and toneless when I think of all possibilities. I am not, indeed, of that self-afflicting sort that carefully and artfully destroys its own hope and constructs fear, and I do not believe that it is God's will to separate us now—for every reason I cannot believe it; but I know that you are suffering, and I am not with you, and yet, if I were there, I could perhaps contribute something to your tranquillity, to your serenity, were it only that I should ride with you—for you have no one else for that. It is so contrary to all my views of gallantry, not to speak of my sentiments for you, that any power whatever should keep me here when I know that you are suffering and I could help and relieve you; and I am still at war with my-

self to determine what my duty is before God and man. If I am not sooner there, then it is fairly certain that I shall arrive in Reinfeld with your father at Whitsuntide, probably a week from to-morrow. The cause of your illness may be deeper, or perhaps it is only that the odious Spanish flies have affected you too powerfully. Who is this second doctor you have called in? The frequent changing of doctors, and, on one's own authority, using between times all sorts of household remedies, or remedies prescribed for others, I consider very bad and wrong. Choose one of the local doctors in whom you have the most confidence, but keep to him, too; do what he prescribes and nothing else, nothing arbitrary; and, if you have not confidence in any of the local men, we will both try to carry through the plan of bringing you here, so that you may have thorough treatment under the direction of Brelers, or some one else. The conduct of your parents in regard to medical assistance, the obstinate refusal of your father, and, allied to that, your mother's arbitrary changing and fixed prejudices, in matters which neither of them understand, seem to me, between ourselves, indefensible. He to whom God has entrusted a child, and an only child at that, must employ for her preservation all the means that God has made available, and not become careless through fatalism or

* The Love Letters of Bismarck. Authorized by Prince Herbert von Bismarck, and Translated from the German under the supervision of Charlton T. Lewis. Copyright, 1901. Harper Bros. Price \$3.

self-sufficiency. If writing tires you, ask your mother to send us news. Moreover, it would seem to me very desirable if one of your friends could be prevailed upon to go to you until you are better. Whether a doctor can help you or not—forgive me, but you cannot judge of that by your feelings. God's help is certainly decisive, but it is just He who has given us medicine and physician that, through them, His aid may reach us; and to decline it in this form is to tempt Him, as though the sailor at sea should deprive himself of a helmsman, with the idea that God alone can and will give aid. If He does not help us through the means He has placed within our reach, then there is nothing left to do but to bow in silence under His hand. If you should be able to come to Zimmerhausen after Whitsuntide, please write to that effect beforehand if possible. If your illness should become more serious, I shall certainly leave the Landtag, and even if you are confined to your bed, I shall be with you. At such a moment I shall not let myself be restrained by such questions of etiquette—that is my fixed resolve. You may be sure of this, that I have long been helping you pray that the Lord may free you from useless despondency and bestow upon you a heart cheerful and submissive to God—and upon me, also; and I have the firm confidence that He will grant our requests and guide us both in the paths that lead to Him. Even though yours may often go to the left around the mountain, and mine to the right, yet they will meet beyond.

The salt water has already gone from here. If you are too weak for riding, then take a drive every day. When you are writing to me, and begin to feel badly in the least, stop immediately; give me only a short bulletin of your health, even if it is but three lines, for, thank Heaven, words

can be dispensed with between us—they cannot add or take away anything, since our hearts look into each other, eye to eye, to the very bottom, and though here and there, behind a fold, some new thing is discovered, a strange thing it is not. Dear heart, what stuff you talk (excuse my rudeness) when you say I must not come if I would rather stop in Zimmerhausen or Angermünde at Whitsuntide! How can I take pleasure anywhere while I know that you are suffering, and, moreover, am uncertain in what degree? With us two it is a question, not of amusing and entertaining, but only of loving and being together, spiritually, and if possible, corporeally; and if you should lie speechless for four weeks—sleep, or something else—I would be nowhere else, provided nothing but my wish were to decide. If I could only “come to your door,” I would still rather be there than with my dear sister; and the sadder and sicker you are, so much the more. But the door will not separate me from you, however ill you may be. That is a situation in which the slave mutinies against his mistress. . . .

Your faithful B.

Berlin, May 26, '47.

Dearest:— . . . If I were only through with the Landtag and the delivery of Kniephof, could embrace with you in health, and retire with you to a hunting-lodge in the heart of green forest and the mountains, where I should see no human face but yours! That is my hourly dream; the rattling wheelwork of political life is more obnoxious to my ears every day. Whether it is your absence, sickness, or my laziness, I want to be alone with you in contemplative enthusiasm for nature. It may be the spirit of contradiction which always makes me long for what I have not. And yet, I have you, you know, though not quite at hand; and

still I long for you. I proposed to your father that I should go with him; we would immediately have our banns published and be married, and both come here. An apartment for married people is empty in this house, and here you could have had sensible physicians and every mortal help. It seemed to him too unbecoming. To you, too? It seems to me still the most sensible thing of all, if you are only strong enough for the trip. If the Landtag should continue longer than to the 6th of June—which I still hope it will not—let us look at the plan more carefully . . .

Your faithful B.

Schönhausen, Friday, May 28, '47.

My poor, sick Kitten:—In regard to your illness, your father's letter has calmed my anxiety somewhat as to the danger, but yours was so gloomy and depressed that it affected me decidedly. My dear heart, such sadness as finds expression there is almost more than submission to God's will; the latter cannot, in my opinion, be the cause of your giving up the hope, I might say the wish, that you may be better, physically, and experience God's blessing here on earth as long as may be in accordance with His dispensation. You do not really mean it, either—do you, now?—when, in a fit of melancholy, you say that nothing whatever interests you genuinely, and you neither grieve nor rejoice. That smacks of Byron, rather than of Christianity. You have been sick so often in your life, and have recovered—have experienced glad and sad hours afterwards; and the old God still lives who helped you then. Your letter stirred in me more actively than ever the longing to be at your side, to fondle you and talk with you.

I do not agree with you in your opinion about July, and I would urge you strongly, too, on this point to side

with me against your parents. When a wife, you are as likely to be sick as when a fiancée—and will be often enough, later; so why not at the beginning, likewise? I shall be with you as often as I am free from pressing engagements; so whether we are together here or in Reinfeld makes no difference in the matter. We do not mean to marry for the bright days only; your ill health seems to me an utterly frivolous impediment. The provisional situation we are in now is the worst possible for me. I scarcely know any longer whether I am living in Schönhausen, in Reinfeld, in Berlin, or on the train. If you fall sick, I shall be a sluggard in Reinfeld all the autumn, or however long our marriage would be postponed, and cannot even associate with you quite unconstrainedly before the ceremony. This matter of a betrothed couple seventy miles apart is not defensible; and, especially when I know you are ailing, I shall take the journey to see you, of course, as often as my public and private affairs permit. It seems to me quite necessary to have the ceremony at the time already appointed; otherwise I should be much distressed, and I see no reason for it. Don't sell Brunette just now; you will ride her again soon. I must be in Berlin at noon for a consultation about plans for to-morrow. Farewell. God strengthen you for joy and hope.

Your most faithful B.

Berlin, Sunday, May 30, '47.

Très chère Jeanneton:—Your letter of day before yesterday, which I have just received, has given me profound pleasure and poured into me a refreshing and more joyous essence; your happier love of life is shared by me immediately. I shall begin by reassuring you about your gloomy forebodings of Thursday evening. At the

very time you were afflicted by them I was rejoicing in the happiness I had long missed, of living once more in a comfortable Schönhaus bed, after I had suffered for weeks from the furnished apartment couch in Berlin. I slept very soundly, although with bad dreams—nightmares—which I ascribed to a late and heavy dinner, inasmuch as the peaceful occupations of the previous day—consisting in viewing many promising crops and well-fed sheep, together with catching up with all sorts of police arrangements relating to dike, fire and roads—could not have occasioned them. You see how little you can depend upon the maternal inheritance of forebodings. Also in regard to the injurious effects of the Landtag excitement upon my health, I can com-

pletely reassure you. I have discovered what I needed—physical exercise—to offset mental excitement and irregular diet. . . . My plan about Berlin and the wedding immediately, etc., was certainly somewhat adventurous when you look at it in cold blood, but I hope there will be no change from July. If I am to be tormented, as you say, with an “unendurable, dispirited, nervous being,” it is all the same to me in the end whether this torment will be imposed upon me by my fiancée or—forgive the expression—by my wife. In either case I shall try to bear the misfortune with philosophical steadfastness; for it is to be hoped that it will not be so bad that I must dig deeper and seek Christian consolation for it.

Your very faithful B.

FIRE! *

A thought flashed in her brain. She turned her head as though some one had called her, her lips apart, her eyes startled. Then she smiled a little at the fancy. Certainly it was absurd. Everybody was out with all that hubbub and plenty of time. But again that thought flashed in her brain; again she felt as though some one had called her. How often had she known Mrs. Hollingshead to be away and the careless maid to lock the boy in. She saw Theodore, with his curls and eager dark eyes, with his childish hands. She knew, then, that she was called.

She went to the door and opened it. A body of smoke rolled in, sucked toward the open window. She felt its harsh sting in her throat and eyes. The interior of the hotel was a huge

chimney, enveloped in a thick brownish cloud, fold upon fold of which gently stirred, softly stole this way and that, as though moving with a power of its own. A long black streamer, unrolled from the smoky inferno of the court, drew itself swiftly and noiselessly along the top of the opposite corridor, giving off as it went little feather sprays of the darker substance into the brown haze.

Eva tried to think of various safeguards against suffocation by smoke that she had heard of—something about sponges and wet cloths wrapped about the head. But there was no time. She shut the door behind her and made her way toward the court, which was now a crater-like well of smoke. No fire was visible—only the thickening, noiseless, gently stirring, deadly pall, spreading everywhere.

She began coughing at once. In a moment water ran from her dim eyes,

* The Story of Eva. By Will Payne. Copyright, 1901. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price, \$1.50.

which smarted as though they were on fire. Instinctively she put her hand over her mouth. She could not run because of the difficulty of breathing. Already there was a sense of suffocation in her lungs. Her nerves tightened at the intimate touch of danger, at the hand laid upon her by this near agency of death. The smoke was thicker at the court. She found the banister with her hand, and stumbled down the stairs with shut eyes. Before she got across the corridor below, a great rushing and humming began in her brain. Her coughing was only a little spasmodic bark, which, however, racked her lungs painfully. She reached the door to the Hollingshead apartment. It was locked. She felt her way along to the next door that opened to Mrs. Hollingshead's room, and found the knob. That, too, was locked. She felt a kind of furious terror, in which her falling strength seemed to come back to her. Everything warned her that the time was short—and this stupid, impervious, locked door! She seized the knob and shook it furiously. She beat against the oak panels. She put her face close to the door and managed to cry, "Theodore! Theodore!"

And at once the child's voice, close on the other side of the door, piped: "That you, Aunt Eva? Take me out! Take me away!" From the tone of the voice she knew that he had been weeping.

She gathered herself desperately and called: "Is the key there?"

"No, Nellie took it," came the child's voice. "What's all the noise for? It's getting all smoky in here."

She perceived that her presence comforted and quieted him.

"It's all right, dear. Wait," she articulated hoarsely.

She had been spending too much effort. The rushing in her ears became a roar, which seemed to knead her

brain. Her breath was only a gasp to the base of her throat. Even as she clutched the knob to support herself, looking wildly about for a weapon with which to force the stout door, she felt her eyelids becoming heavy like lead; she was sensible of an obliterating stupor hanging over her, seeking to extinguish her; but all the time, far within those increasing folds of insensibility, her will was bright and clear.

She stumbled out to the wide hall before the elevator landing, and laid hold of a large upholstered chair. With the effort to move it, the muscles of her body seemed suddenly turned to water. Her knees gave way. She fell half across the chair. This failure of her body struck into that deep, undimmed place where her will shone with the sharpest fear she had ever known. In this failure of her good, strong limbs she seemed to feel herself bodily clutched in by death. At the same time she was aware of a wide, red licking of flame bursting out somewhere through the smoke down in the court. Abruptly, as though that searching arrow of fear had touched a new spring, she experienced an instant of tense, impassioned calm, in which she reached beyond humanity, beyond life. It was not an invocation, not a prayer. It was a tremendous instant, in which she summed herself all up and offered herself to God for His help as though she had a birthright to it.

She got to her feet and began dragging the chair toward the door. Her brain was a mere lump, a slow, clumsy machine of a single motion. Dragging the chair to the door, she stepped to the seat, then to the arm; then, dully clenching her teeth and steadying herself as best she could against the surface of the door, she climbed to the broad upholstered back of the chair. With several blows of her fist she broke the glass in the transom. Her starved lungs took

in long breaths of the clearer air of the room. Reaching in, she unfastened the catch and pushed the transom open. The space admitted her head and shoulders. Little Theodore was standing in the middle of the room, where he had run to dodge the pieces of glass when Eva had broken the transom. There was not much smoke inside, though it began trailing in now through the broken transom.

Little Theodore, wondering, frightened, but comforted by Eva's presence and obedient, dragged up the chairs as she directed, and finally built a pile on which he mounted until she could seize his wrists and pull him up. The slight, agile child easily wriggled through the transom, and he and Eva slid and rolled together to the floor. The child sprang up laughing and began to cough. "My, how smoky!" he exclaimed, in a kind of terrified glee.

The smoke, however, seemed to be lightening. There were the red lickings of flame at the bottom of the court, and the fiery breath came up to them on the stairs; but the smoke was less. Before they reached the upper floor, they heard the shouts of the firemen breaking into the court and the splash of water. They reached the apartment and entered. By the open window, in the fresh air, Eva's lungs began to expand and the deadly obsession to lift from her brain. Presently she felt steady enough to get a drink of water. Theodore, too, was thirsty. Eva gave him the cup, and watched him as he clasped it in his baby-like hands, holding it eagerly to his lips, drinking greedily—a midget man, a softer and sweeter imitation of humanity in title, so helpless and so precious. They had said scarcely a word. Eva had not the strength, and Theodore was vaguely overawed.

When they returned to the window, the boy climbed to her lap. "How did

you come to be alone, Theodore?" she asked. It was as she supposed. The maid had gone away and locked him in. He nervously lispd his recollection of the alarm, the knocking on the door, the shouting and the running, which filled him with fear so that he hid behind a chair crying to himself without knowing why. He cuddled closer to her in the recollection, burrowing his head against her breast.

"I guess if you hadn't come, I'd been all smoked to death!" he concluded, with infantile resentment.

She folded him closer in her arms with a kind of immense reverence. She thought, with a great exultation, "This, at least, I did." The boy, understanding nothing but her love and protection, got his arm around her neck and kissed her cheek. At the touch of his soft, moist little lips, a new quality entered into her love of him. The mother suddenly saw him as an image of her child that was to be. She felt an indescribable melting, an immense joyous surrender, which again seemed to transport her beyond life. It all came to her mind in a great, high clearness—the effort she had made, her nearness to death, how her love had been answered. She was no longer afraid of anything that might be before her. It seemed impossible to be afraid. Her love had sufficed for Theodore. It would suffice for her own child. That thought intoxicated her with joy. She wished only to do more, to give more, to love more. Nothing else mattered. In her joy there was a sense of holiness. The broad sunshine outside over the gravel roof seemed to speak to her spirit. At once she wished to get away, to leave the hotel, as though her going down and out were a symbol of her readiness to meet the world. She went to the door and looked out. The corridors had been steadily clearing of smoke. She heard the splash of water and the

shouts of the firemen below. She took Theodore by the hand. They left the apartment.

The stairway was clear enough. As they descended through the deserted body of the hotel, the voices of the firemen working on the first floor and the steady swish and rush of water became more distinct. Evidently the fire was rapidly subsiding.

They came to the ground floor. A score of strange figures, enveloped in long rubber coats, topped by huge rubber helmets, moved in the court. Two long lines of hose were laid on the tile floor of the Michigan Avenue entrance, and the floor ran with water. No one noticed the woman and child. Eva lifted Theodore, holding him like a sack under her arm, gathered her skirts and started over the wet floor to the Michigan Avenue entrance, beyond which she could see a strip of flagging, the asphalt of the street and the walk on the other side, all still and empty in the sunshine as though the street were quite deserted. Two firemen, hurrying in, stared at her in surprise, but said nothing. She went on to the door.

A rope had been stretched across the avenue a little above the hotel. A line of policemen stood guard over it. A great crowd of people, intent, watching, silent, pressed up to the rope, choking the avenue from wall to wall, stretching back in an unbroken mass halfway up the block.

* * * * *

At once Eva was aware of a focal point, a drama, there in the cleared arena before the hotel—which was a sort of stage, with this great, spreading mob for an audience.

On the broad flagging toward the corner, a little aside from the fire engine, four brawny policemen held a captive, and the captive was Phillip. He was hatless and disordered. His vest had been ripped open in the strug-

gle, his necktie pulled awry, one end of his collar unfastened. There was a bloody smear over his cheek where he had been struck. The policemen held him hard. The eight mighty hands were upon him, gripping his arms and shoulders. He had been pounded and overwhelmed, but he still struggled mechanically, trying to pull first one arm and then the other from the brawny grasp which pressed into the flesh, exerting all his muscles to liberate first one wrist, then the other, like a passionate child that cannot give up even when resistance is quite useless. His face was drawn and distorted.

He had driven up, to find the hotel on fire, surrounded by people, guarded by policemen. The sight had turned him mad. To his impassioned, overwrought mind, it seemed that Eva must still be up there, in danger, perishing. He had burst through the crowd. He had fought furiously with the policemen, unable to explain anything, unable to listen to anything, only seeing her all the time in mortal danger, perishing before his eyes. He had been beaten and overwhelmed. He kept trying uselessly to free his arms, no longer knowing where he was or what was happening, everything before his eyes like an unsubstantial dream, his flooded mind still full of the immense blind, inarticulate passion to fight his way through to her, sobbing witlessly over his helplessness like a constrained child.

A deep, elemental emotion of pity infected those who could see Phillip's drawn, working face and the tears dropping from his eyes. His height and breadth, his heroic size, his great bodily strength which made the brawny policemen hold him hard, his ineffectual efforts to free himself, his choked sobs as he stood bareheaded and disordered in the eyes of that multitude, of which he was only vaguely aware, made him seem like a big,

whipped child. The exposure of his foolish struggle and his punishment before that great crowd moved those who could see it to a deep pity. It was like seeing one of the blind elementary instincts visibly at work. The policemen themselves felt it. One of them picked up Philip's hat and put it on his head, and began stroking his shoulder as one might try to quiet a frantic child.

"There old man! There! You're all right now," said the policeman soothingly.

At the sound of this voice Philip turned his drawn, working face toward the man, staring blindly at him as

though he would ask the man to help him.

Eva, coming to the door, saw the hat put on the captive's head—in an instant saw that it was Philip. Theodore slipped from her arms. She ran forward. When the policeman spoke and Philip looked around at him, she stood before them, her lips apart, speechless, her whole mind in her eyes.

The policemen saw her, and understood by an intelligence nimbler than the brain that this speechless, amazed woman claimed the big child who had fought so witlessly to enter the hotel.

"Phil!" she gasped.

ORANJE BOVEN! *

Said the Sea to the Dutchman, "Ho, make way!

For the march of the Flood is mine.

Shall the bar of thine arm my coursers stay,

In the charge of my whelming brine?"

To the Sea said the Dutchman, "Ho, stand back!

I bide for the dole and fee,

To the hands that serve and the loins that lack;

And a hall to the Strong and Free.

In the might of the Lord of the Deep I stand, and I set

His bounds to thee.

"A bound in the Dyke, and a mete in the Dune,

And a stay in the stout Sea-wall.

In the swing of my spade is the eagle's rune,

Tho' the Norland ravens squall.

And the silt shall flow and the clod shall grow,

From Zeeland to Zuyder Zee;

And a man shall a freeman's foothold know,

Where the arm of a man is free.

For the lord of the Dutchman's land, the lord of the

Dutchman's love shall be.

"Flambeau and falcion, shackle and rack

In the lust of a 'Holy' hate

No glut of carnage, rapine and sack,

Nor a Thousand Fears, can sate.

* The War-Cry of William the Silent. Written for the eighteenth birthday of Her Majesty, Queen Wilhelmina, of the Netherlands.

From "For Charlie's Sake" and Other Lyrics and Ballads. By John Williamson Palmer. Copyright, 1901, by the Funk & Wagnalls Co. Price \$1.00 net.

No tear for truth, and no shudder for shame,
No Christ for the brand and pike;
Only the rage of the 'Beggar's' claim,
And the roar of the cloven dyke.
Only the arm of the Lord upheaved, and the sword of
the Lord to strike."

Said the Sea: "O Nederland! Alone,
You battle against the stars.
For Brill's hoarse cry, and Alkmaar's groan,
I storm at your stubborn bars.
In Heiliger Lee your Rachels weep,
In Leyden your children die.
Death unto Life, Deep unto Deep,
And my tides leap at the cry.
Set wide your gates to my hosts, and sound your pealing
trumpets high!"

"Oranje Boven!"—Fate is mute,
And the Silent soul is lord,
"Oranje Boven!"—Trump and lute
Wait on the grim, dumb sword.
When the brand is cold, and the blade is rust,
And the gyve and the rack are shows,
When the bones of the Brave enrich the dust
Where a Leyden garden grows—
Then the organ swell of the Sea shall tell how Neder-
land uprose.

On Yssel's flanks, with thrifty sails,
The windmills churn the air,
Where erst a Viking's galley ralls
Their bosséd shields laid bare.
I dream that the high-beaked triremes sweep
A path for the hordes of Rome,
As I rock in a fisher's boat, asleep,
In the lee of a hedger's home,
While the bells are chiming a Psalm of Rest from storied
tower and dome.

And Thou, O fairest flower of Peace,
Child of a happy star!
Glories, and guerdons of increase,
Wreathe thy ancestral Lar.
White Righteousness in thine array,
And on thy shield Renown,
Honor shall celebrate thy day,
And Law salute thy crown,
While grass shall grow and water flow, and the ships
sail up and down.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Mr. Barrie is at work upon a novel which will be published in the autumn.

M. Jules Verne, who has just recovered from a serious illness, is engaged upon his ninety-ninth novel.

A tall Celtic cross of granite has been erected over the grave of Professor Max Muller in Holywell churchyard at Oxford.

Justice Goodrich's *Forefathers' Day* address on "The Bench and the Bar as Makers of the American Republic" is published by E. B. Treat & Co. It is thoughtful, inspiring and patriotic, as befits the occasion and the theme.

The admirers of the late Miss Charlotte Yonge and her works are appealed to for funds to place a memorial of her in Otterbourne church, where she worshipped, and to erect a new reredos in the Lady Chapel of Winchester Cathedral.

Mr. H. S. Fuller's "Ten Days Abroad" is a sprightly little narrative which would be worth while if for nothing more than to show how much may be done with only a short vacation abroad, if one has energy, good humor and the seeing eye. The book is published, with illustrations, by the School News Company, New York.

"Gail Hamilton's Life in Letters" which Lee & Shepard announce for publication in September, will be awaited with much interest. "Gail Hamilton" was a keen observer and a pungent writer; and she had more opportunities of acquaintance in political as well as literary circles than

any other American woman of her generation. Her letters can hardly fail of having a lively personal interest.

According to "Literature," the spring publishing season in London brought little encouragement to publishers or booksellers. The books that have sold exceptionally well could be counted on the fingers of one hand. Many of the more important books announced a few months ago have been again shelved for the autumn.

The hero of "The Devil's Plough"—Anna Farquhar's romance of the regency of Anne of Austria—is a Jesuit priest who impersonates his twin brother, of whose sudden death he alone knows, with no more culpable motive than curiosity; is drawn beyond his first purpose by the charms of a lady of the court; and finally ends the struggle with his conscience by undertaking a desperate mission to the savages of the New World. The subject itself will be distasteful to many, but it is not handled recklessly, and the outcome is the dominance of duty. Full of picturesque incident, the story will attract readers. L. C. Page & Co.

Sixth in their attractive series of "Stories of Modern American Life" Harper & Bros. publish "Westerfelt" by Will N. Harben. The writer's name will be recalled with especial pleasure in connection with his sketches of Northern Georgia, which appeared last winter. His present story has the same picturesque background, but portrays the tragic, rather than the humorous and pathetic aspects of that primitive mountain life. Thwarted love, revenge and remorse

are the passions that shape the plot, and each is seen in its boldest and crudest form, untempered by any conventionalities. The character of the hero himself is a more complex one than might have been expected, but it is well drawn and consistent. Told in a vigorous, direct style, and full of incident, the story holds the reader's attention to the end.

A work which it is no exaggeration to describe as "monumental" is "The Jewish Encyclopædia" the first volume of which has just been published by the Funk & Wagnalls Company. The same breadth of conception and generous enterprise which were manifest in the making of the "Standard Dictionary" have entered into this new undertaking of the same house. The plan contemplates twelve large volumes, each of about seven hundred quarto pages. More than four hundred of the best Hebrew scholars in Europe and America are co-operating in contributing the articles which are to be incorporated in the work; yet the work itself, while it represents the fruits of the most painstaking scholarship, is not meant primarily for scholars, but for the ordinary reader who may be interested in Hebrew tradition, custom, literature and history. The first volume fully confirms the impression of solidity and thoroughness made by the preliminary announcements.

Loyalty—loyalty to love, to country, to family, to beauty, to the ideal—is the keynote of Henrietta Dana Skinner's striking novel, "Heart and Soul." Her hero is a youth of mingled French and Irish blood, orphaned by the San Domingo massacres, and reared by his grandfather in the traditions of a high-minded and chivalrous ancestry. The scene of the story shifts rapidly from Detroit when the underground railway is in action, to Paris, with the allure-

ments of student life, New York in the years preceding the Civil War, the Southern States during the struggle, and Washington directly after it; then back again to Michigan, where the lumber interests are being developed, to Halifax, at the height of its "gay season," to North Carolina in the reconstruction period, and to Paris during the days of the Commune. The detail is skilfully elaborated, and a double thread of mystery and romance binds together the incidents of an ingenious plot. Harper & Bros.

"The Love Letters of Bismarck" are not love letters in the ordinary sense, since three quarters of them were written after his marriage. But as the expression of an affection reasonable, tranquil and assured, and at the same time deep and tender, they are delightful reading. There is passing comment on public affairs and on social life—sometimes sententious, often charmingly whimsical—but the domestic interest is always first. Bismarck suggests a Berlin remedy for the children's croup; begs that they may not be allowed to "eat for pleasure;" has "dreamed of whipping the youngster and must apologize to the dear little duffer;" hopes his speeches will not be judged by the newspaper reports; has been seized by "the lumbago in unusual perfection;" passes on to his wife pleasant things said of her; urges her not to stint herself of sleep nor overtax her eyes, and not to "wear too tight dresses;" has "a bad conscience, seeing so many beautiful things" without her; and "wants to make her a lot of presents with his saved-up pay." There is not a dull page in the whole volume, nor scarcely one without a vivid, quotable sentence. It would be hard to name anything in the line of recent autobiography more wholesome, cheering and satisfactory. Harper & Bros.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

- Apostles of the Lord. By W. C. E. Newbolt. Longmans, Green & Co.
- Between the Ling and the Lowland. By W. Carter Platt. Digby, Long & Co.
- Bismarck, The Love Letters of. Authorized by Prince Herbert von Bismarck and Translated from the German under the supervision of Charlton T. Lewis. Harper & Bros. Price \$3.00.
- Catherine of Calais. By Mrs. De la Pasture. Smith, Elder & Co.
- Cowper and Mary Unwin. By Caroline Geany. Dean & Co.
- Devil's Plough, The. By Anna Farquhar. L. C. Page & Co. Price \$1.50.
- Dogs' Tales. By R. J. Lloyd Price. Sands & Co.
- Ensign Knightly and Other Stories. By A. E. W. Mason. Archibald Constable & Co.
- Fra Angelico. By Langton Douglas. G. Bell & Sons.
- French Life in Town and Country. By Mrs. Hannah Lynch. Geo. Newnes.
- Heart and Soul. By Henrietta Dana Skinner. Harper & Bros. Price \$1.50.
- Heritage of Peril, The. By A. W. Marchmont. New Amsterdam Book Co. Price \$1.25.
- Highlands of Asiatic Turkey. By Earl Percy. E. Arnold.
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